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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

1/6 Net MONTHLY

NOVEMBER 1919

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Democratic Control and Individual Right	E. Belfort Bax
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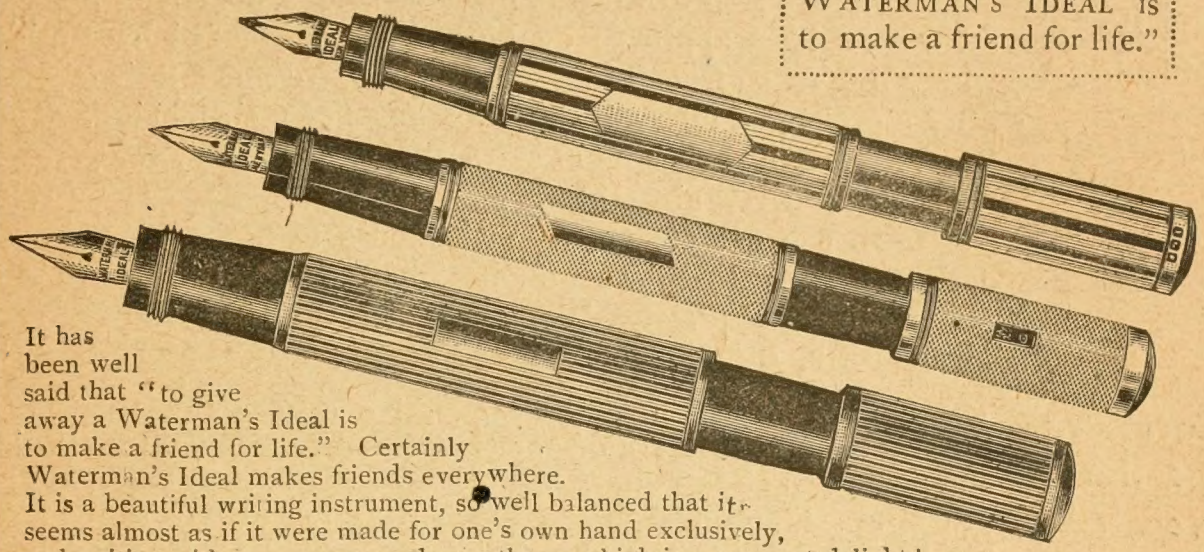

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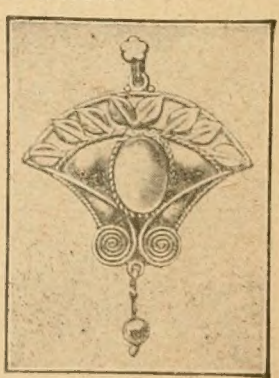

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by Austin Harrison

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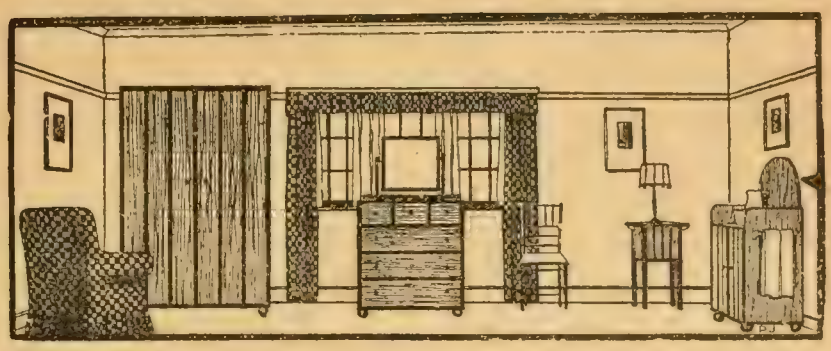

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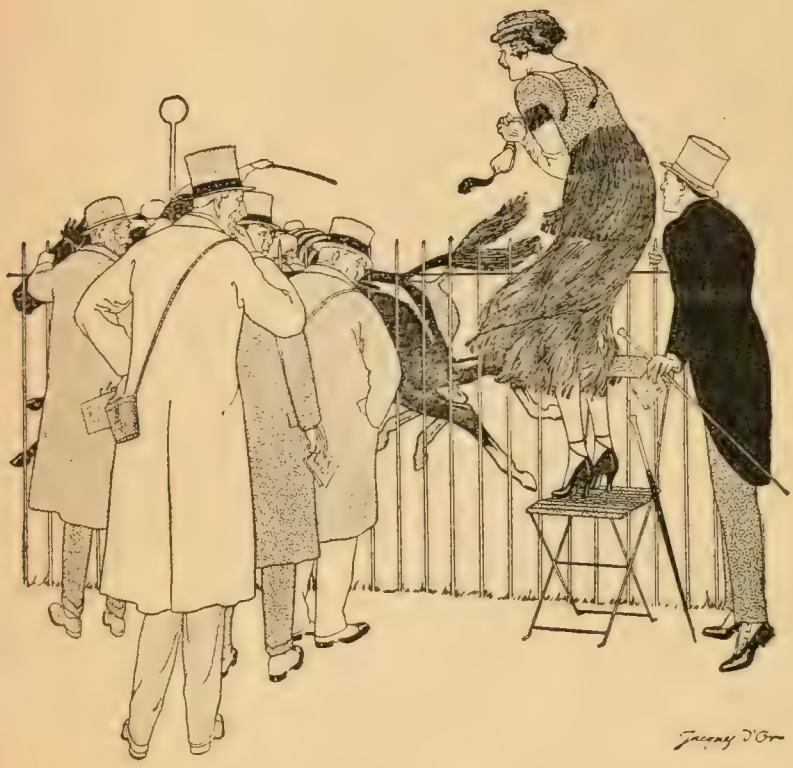

DEAD HEAT

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IT was late August, in the year 1929.

The memorable session was over; the P.M. had spoken for three hours; in the course of his message to the people he had vituperated his enemies personal, political, and journalistic, had extolled his virtues, rhapsodised over past achievements, had produced an entirely new peroration, in which allusions to mountain-tops and the gallant little country were conspicuous by their absence (the sensation caused may be imagined), and now sat upon the *plage* of Beauville, pondering the message of the merry.

A private secretary approached, and the P.M. raised an inquiring eyebrow.

"The country awaits the usual postscript to your message," explained the highly-strung official.

The P.M. frowned and sat for a while in silence, awaiting the *hwyl*.

* * *

"Write to the dear bureaucrats," commanded the P.M., "tell them it is essential that the vulgar and the commercial should have an example, someone or something to look up to, to emulate, I expect every bureaucrat to demobilise his army to the extent of one-half."

The secretary shuddered as he made the note.

"But we cannot allow the demobilised man, woman, aye, and flapper, to swell the vast army of unemployed," mused the P.M. "I have it!" he cried exultantly—oh, this *hwyl*! Oh, these afterthoughts; "It is time, in this the tenth year of the Great Peace, to establish the post of Secretary of State for Peace. Transfer the demobilised War Office to the Peace Office—a vast staff will be necessary—and then," he added archly—"wait and see!" He mused on. "A Ministry of Thrift will also be necessary. That will absorb all the existing bureaux and their staffs, and it is even possible that increased staffs may be necessary. Meantime, to save money on the erection of new buildings, the Carlton, Claridge's, and the Ritz must be commandeered for the duration of the peace."

* * * * * *

"As for the business and commercial communities, warn them severely that they must produce, produce, produce, and economise, economise, economise! As a warning to the unpatriotic tradesman who attempts to make a profit out of the nation's needs in the time of peace, the Excess Profit Tax will be raised at once to 99 per cent., and to bring the necessity for saving home to the middle classes the Income-Tax will be increased to 19s. 11d. in the pound. End the message," he concluded, "with the usual exhortation to be virtuous and docile, and whatever fruity peroration appeals to you. There are several in stock." He ceased, his eyes closed, and his head sank upon his chest.

"Produce, produce!" he murmured. "Economise, economise! Produce——"

Grrrh.

It was a snore. The Head of the Business Government slept.

* * * * * *

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THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

NOVEMBER, 1919

Helen and Faustus

By Arthur Symons

I.

THE famous Faustus is not dead.
I tell you that his spirit lied.
His body burst his coffin-lead
The third day after he had died.
So in the Legend it is said,
Also that Knowledge was his Bride.
Some say he perished in his pride,
But I say no. The books he read
Were part and parcel of his soul,
But he was made to be unwise.
What weight has wisdom when the skies
Hid from this learned man the hole
Into the which he had to stumble?
The Devils in Hell are never humble.

II.

The Devil tempted him. He came
Winged, wordless, into Faustus' room,
And in his eyes the infernal flame
Shone, and he lighted up the gloom.
Now Faustus heard another name
That was not his. Senses consume
Themselves as, with her intense perfume,
The word was Helen. Hot with shame

The Wizard's visage was drawn in
As if he saw a certain thing
And not of his imagining,
That danced in the air, that painted Sin
After the old inevitable fashion
When Lilith gave the snake her passion.

III.

Here where I write the Sea-gulls shout
That have the spirits of the storm
In their winged bodies, ringed about
With beauty more than woman's; warm
In winter when the wolves are out.
God gave them an inhuman face
No Satan ever can deform.
To Faustus the eternal Doubt
Came and the colours of the World
Were changed and purple turned to blood
In the magic circle where he stood,
And then a venomous Serpent curled
Into no hideous shape, but loathing
All other than his painted clothing.

IV.

Now Helen's spirit was a bird
And she an untired Wanderer
To whom all loveless words unheard
Were subtle, to the sense of her;
She, kissed by Paris, for a word
That stung like salt. None lovelier
Drew in her breath, none lonelier
Drew in her breath, when she was stirred
By all that world of Sea and Stone
On her lone island, where the Sea
Shook her imagination furiously.
She loved no beauty save her own,
And, as she walked in that white city,
Men said of her: "She has no pity."

V.

Love was not ever for her enough.
She felt no throbing in her heart
At the mere utterance of Love.
She nothing had but Beauty. Art
To her was less than woven stuff
Her Asian-maids wove; she, apart,
Waited for visions to depart
No Asian moons had knowledge of.
She knew the turning of the Wheel
Of Destiny might bruise her heel
As slaves do when they slay a snake.
Knew she that flames may be fain to steal
Their own flames and make Troy to reel
And simply for hers, Helen's, sake?

VI.

I have forgotten Faustus. He
Has dropt in fear his magic book
Because the buzzing of a bee
Attracts him with its strange rebuke.
Then suddenly in irony
His conjuring-wand from out its nook
Falls. Satan's eyes have changed their look.
Now, as a wind-blown tapestry
Shakes and the paintings on it change
Their aspects, and the very dust
Stirs on the floors, it seems most strange
That he, now in the spirit's toil,
Should have the sense in him to spoil
The Architecture of his Lust.

VII.

Suddenly the Arch-Demon spoke.
"Faustus, I come to you from Hell.
Some souls are burdened by the yoke
Of chastisement irrevocable.
There Arctino cries 'Souls to sell!'
Writhes in imagination to invoke
Some scandalous and obscene joke.
He sees gigantic serpents swell

Bigger than ever; and he, lithe
Still, loves to see them as they writhe.
Soon all his merriment is over.
A woman comes and laughs at him
Showing seductiveness of limb
She showed on earth to her last lover.

VIII.

"I come to bargain for your soul,
Your Soul, whole-fashioned for your Sin
Which has not fathomed yet the whole
Of Evil that is compassed in
A virgin-martyr's aureole.
There are many doors that open in
One Hell to which souls may not win
Unless they enter, shoal by shoal,
Past even your imagining
Of the immensity of your Fall.
You might as well ask a naked wall
As ask of me this only thing:
'When shall I fall in the Pits of Evil?'
Where there's no God, there's no Devil!"

IX.

Then something sinister takes place
All of a sudden. The hour-glass
Stops dropping silent grains; a race
Of shadows, mocking shadows pass;
The ceiling like a drunk ship sways;
No minute passes as it was;
The floor heaves up, the floor turns grass;
And on the spirit of Faustus weighs
As the eternity of a verse
The condemnation that shall capture
The intimate limits of his flesh
Irrevocably now in Satan's mesh,
And unimaginably worse
Than the sinful body's ultimate rapture.

X.

Down the blown valleys of the Sea
He shudders, and the race begins
Of waters heaving heavily
Over his head, and something spins
A devil's web that arrogantly
Sets water-rats to shake their shins,
And all the flesh that is his skin's
Is changed immensely. Is this he
That in his utter anguish craves
More than the immunity of slaves
That desire nothing but damnation?
All's lost. See how a madman raves,
Hurled this and that way by the waves
Down the long way to Annihilation!

XI.

He rises shaken out of sleep,
And sees no spirit there but one
Whose eyes are fathomless and deep
As the sea's depths when day has won
Its way from night. Steep after steep
Rises, he sees her eyes: nay, none,
None lovelier ever saw the sun
Out of the fiery ocean leap.
Her eyes have known Eternity,
Her mouth that smiles not is most cruel,
And all her body is a wonder.
Hades she haunts, has heard Hell thunder.
What is more cruel than a jewel,
That flames, laughs, lightens, furiously?

XII.

As from the bowl one spills the wine
And then one overturns the bowl,
Helen's long laughing eyes divine
Shine as the symbol of her soul.
Now Faustus wavers; mad, malign,
She turns upon him with the whole
Of her white purity, love's goal.
"Faustus, you never shall be mine.

It is so long since I have been dead
I know not why I breathe the air,
For in the grave there is no sighing.
To have slept for centuries in one bed,
God knows I had reason to be fair:
God knows if there's an end of dying."

XIII.

The famous Faustus is not dead.
Now, as for Helen, has she gone
Back to the eternity of her bed
That she alone has slept upon?
The world goes on; over her head
Men pass and women: she, ever alone,
Lies, lonelier than any stone.
I would that all the words she said
Were written; these, alas! are lost.
Her, not the uncounted years destroy.
If she were angry as a ghost,
What would the wind say and the frost,
For she the Gate of Death has crossed,
Of all that remains of Helen and Troy?

Two Sonnets

By Gerald Gould

THE Prince of Darkness, as I understand,
Is a most affable, complacent prince:
His words that soothe, his theses that convince,
Are like a green shade in a thirsty land.
At the cross-roads he takes you by the hand:
He cannot bear to watch you shiver and wince
Between the painful and the pleasant—since
The pleasant is the path himself has planned.

In the cold hour when we no longer care
Whether our souls be saved or damned, we strain
And agonise in impotence of prayer,
Not for the saint's, not for the angel's station,
But for the strength, the strength to choose again—
To see salvation and to choose damnation.

It is not so, though men have made it so
Till they have graven falsehood in truth's eyes:
They have set happiness for virtue's prize,
But happiness is virtue, as we know
Who have staked all upon life's mortal throw,
And wrung from death our immortalities:
Only the moment's happiness is wise,
And all the centuries are cold in woe.

Truth's eyes must still look outward: turned within,
They by inversion grow to falsehood. Far
Apart as the two selves of one self are
Is virtue's quiet from the trouble of sin:
And lo, the moment we were wise to win,
Hung in the dome of silence like a star!

A Ballad of Bedlam*

By Ethel Archer

OUT from the windswept hollows of the Tomb
Into the Night,—
Impenetrable gloom
Folding me in from sound and sense and sight;
No Light,
Save from that leprous orb men call the Moon,
Whose rune
Spells Death and Madness:
Like to a blinded babe from out the womb,
Like a dishevelled ghost before the Tomb,
I wandered seeking for my Self, the DOOM
Of ANCIENT DAYS was on me.

Not a star
Swam in the heavens,—but aloft, afar,
One meteor
Rolled like a great gold goblet through the sky,
Spilling strange dreams.
Strange dreams that ever flow, yet flow amiss,
The while a slow voice whispers: "This, perchance, then THIS!"
Yet never comes the *right* one.

Time is ended.
Time and Eternity with Fate have blended
Mine awful Destiny:—
"To watch for ever.
For ever watch, nor see the blind endeavour
Of battling with the soul that wills Eclipse.

"Ever to know.
And yet to know not ever
The thing that irks thee most, how to dissever
Thy Self from the blind wraith that watches thee.

* First published by Wieland & Co., 1913, in the *Equinox*.

"The deed undone, that is before thee ever!
There is NO TIME, thou canst forget it never,
The Thing Undone is as the Thing Before.
An endless chain, they stretch before thee, ever
Mocking thy soul with purblind hopes that shiver
As salt sea-spray on ice-bound rocks beneath.

"LAUGH! For I bid thee laugh.
I bid thee mangle
These unborn babes of thine,
These hopes that dangle
Like fond frail lilies o'er a lost lagoon:
Witch-tress of innocence it sure would tangle
In subtler mesh than those strange weeds that strangle
Lost swimmers in the foul Sargasso Sea!"

I shut me up. I builded me a Tower
To hide me from the laughter of the world.
I said: "They shall not lure me from my bower
To where their love, a lecherous snake, is curled:
A Basilisk-snake that plays upon the sward,
Writhing in slow obedience to its lord.

"What if the Day be long, the Night be cheerless?
Is not an universe within my brain?
Is not the high will strong, the strong will fearless?
All I have built, shall I not build again?
Some other Universe where All is One.
Where ONE is ALL I am, and I AM—None!

"Words! 'Tis ever words, and I am stranded
With words, and tangled skeins of Things to Be.
Each word denies a word, and all are branded
Within my brain, and I must strive to see
The subtly sneering forms, the leering faces
Of words each word calls up. For me, NO GRACE is."

Of a Dead Comrade

By Trevor Allen

Stavros, November, 1918.

I.

Comrade! . . . A dirge of rain. The sky a shroud.
Pale autumn smouldering along the hills,
And flickering in the woods of sycamore.
Grey ships. The grey Ægean, singing loud
A requiem along the lonely shore.

A morning when the hospital instils
A sadness in the misty, sodden air,
An omen in the breakers' hollow roar,
Tragedy in your mute shape lying there. . .

II.

Over your body, comrade, they have set
A nation's flag to mark a nation's debt;
And we who tend your passing, stretcher-borne,
Along these autumn avenues forlorn,
Set at your resting place, to voice our loss,
A tribute, and a cross.

III.

Comrade! Beyond a far ship's lifting bow,
Beyond the many homing ships that ride
The famed Ægean, flaunting England's pride,
Autumn is flaming in our England now.

Comrade! Of all the homing ships we view,
There is no ship on all the sea for you.

Even so. . . . Anon, anon, a ship departs
That leaves your grave untended on the hill,
But it shall bear you with us in our hearts;
Memory of you shall journey with us still;
We shall remember, seeing England's shore,
One who may see his England nevermore.

Edmund John and "Symphonie Symbolique"

". . . The quick heart quickening from the heart that's still."

THERE is more than one person, possibly, in the least complex of us: in the artist, inevitably, several. In Edmund John—the brilliant young poet whose posthumous work, *Symphonie Symbolique*, has recently been published—who shall say how many souls, and how different, strove together for expression?

There was never anyone quite like him before. He was unique.

He used to declare he had the qualities of a chameleon and assumed different colours according to the company of the moment. Certainly he was a man of extraordinary and kaleidoscopic many-sidedness. A reserved nature at bottom—possibly because of this, possibly from sheer whimsicality—he liked to keep his life in compartments. The friends belonging to one section knew nothing of those connected with another. The coterie of artists and poets with whom he occasionally foregathered knew him only as one of themselves, and never suspected his normal existence as a hard-working schoolmaster. Those who saw him surrounded by a group of pupils—(when he was really happiest)—all engrossed and fascinated by his wonderful personality, his amusing and unconventional methods of teaching—would hardly have recognised him on his occasional appearances among the careless Bohemian circle at, say, the Café Royal or a meeting of the Poets' Club. Witty, with a keen sense of humour, always a scoffer at conventional standards—his deepest feelings he concealed beneath a cynical attitude and layers of many differing poses, an armour which successfully hid an extreme sensitiveness, an unusually tender heart, and a deep respect for true goodness as opposed to merely artificial and conventional morality.

It was this, the real Edmund John, "the true man whom God designed," whom I knew best, and possibly as few others were privileged to do. It is of him I would write to-day that the many admirers of his work may understand him better.

When through all the barriers, the concealing poses, the assumed indifferences, the close reserve, you got down at last to the real man—what a surprise! It was like finding a clear running stream, set about with fragrant old-world flowers, in the middle of an exotic jungle, through which one had to fight one's way painfully. He was at heart so essentially simple, so sweet and gentle. . . . He loved children and could romp endlessly as one of them. He loved a garden. Though he often mocked at the ugly and dreary side of conventional domesticity, with its eternal cult of "appearances," yet he loved a real home—the serene atmosphere of a room where there were flowers . . . and little ones . . . an open window . . . a green lawn beyond . . . peace. He liked nothing better than nursery meals where, in gayest mood, he would throw bread pills at the small people, inciting them to ever fresh wickedness.

As I write, a picture of happier times starts up from some forgotten memory cell:—Edmund, almost hidden beneath a joyous tangle of laughing, excited little children, his carefully tended black hair standing wildly on end, his blue eyes alight with merriment, his voice raised above the din saying imploringly, "All I ask is that you don't actually pull any out by the roots!"

They adored him. "When is Edmund coming again?" was their constant cry—"It won't be any fun if Edmund isn't here!" Most casual and forgetful of men, yet he never forgot a promise to a child. The cigarette cards, the stamps, the coveted specimen whatever it might be, always came by the first available post.

Very charming, too, were the little notes and cards he sometimes found time to send to his little friends. A postcard to a girl of four whose dancing had pleased him is addressed "To La Pavlovita," and says:—

"Here the little pavlovitas dance at dawn and noon, and when the moon looks over the trees each night, the fairies join the little pavlovitas and stand on tip-toe and kiss the stars. You would like this?"

To the same child a few years later he writes :—

"Little dear wicked one, I hope you are just as sweet, evil and irresistible as heretofore and that your powers of torment and captivation have increased and multiplied. It is terribly hot here and I have had to buy blotting paper handkerchiefs to keep myself dry. The river smells very seaweedy to-night and the lights of the city glitter in it like the eyes of seagods."

To another he wrote shortly before his death :—

"Bambino carissimo, will you ever come and stay with me in Florence? Peter Pans live here and poets and dreamers and nobody ever grows up. And you could dabble your small feet in the Arne and the wind would lift your hair and the stars glint in your eyes which would suit you very well, I think. A rivederci, carino. EDMUND."

His first book, *The Flute of Sardonyx*, published by Herbert Jenkins in 1913, achieved an instantaneous success and received an unusual amount of praise from the critics. As a rule so cold and diffident where a new poet is concerned, in this instance they one and all agreed as to the "haunting beauty" of his lyrics, the "rare sense of colour," the "melody and fire," the "illusion little short of magical." Again and again the words "magic" and "magical" occur in these reviews. "A pantheistic Francis Thompson," says one. "A lordling, if not a lord, of language," says another. "Gorgeous verse, full of the glow of youth and beauty." "Here is the spirit of song, the passion of youth, the seductive colour of life, and all the throbbings of hope and desire."

Of the much criticised poem, "Salome," the most important in the book, he wrote in a letter to the present writer :—

"In Salome I had three elements to work with—the outré, the beautiful, the horrible. These three together have always fascinated artists; they fascinate, they always will fascinate me. Around them I had to weave the colour and odour of things of the old Orient. The particular verse criticised is simply the climax of sensation into that element of the horrible which is an indissoluble part of the theme. After all, the function of art is just expression and the more truly and completely one expresses the incident or emotions with which one is dealing, the more perfect is one's art. If the subject is objectionable to certain temperaments, well, they had better give the thing a miss."

To another friend he wrote of *The Flute of Sardonyx*:—

"No, my Flute will never play for the great world, caro mio. 'A universal success' will never describe it. You see, I wrote it for you, for people like you, for the elect, for the fastidious artist, for the dreamer; for those who have seen, far off, the white garments of the gods upon the hills, for the acolytes on the altar of beauty, for the lovers of Love, for

the very few. I find my reward in such a letter as you have just written me, in knowing that my song has been heard aright by you and such as you."

In the same year, 1913, he began the *Symphonie Symbolique*, but it progressed but slowly, and the third movement was not completed until the autumn of 1915, when his second book of collected poems, *The Wind in the Temple*, was published by Erskine Macdonald, Ltd.

Edmund John had a peculiar premonition that to write the fourth and last movement of this would cause his death, as the Symphonie Pathétique (No. 6), on which it was founded, is said to have killed Tschaikowsky. It was with relief he came to the decision not to write the fourth movement at all, but to publish the poem incomplete.

As each movement was finished he brought it to read aloud to me. It is a poignant thing and terrible—this struggle and quest of an anguished soul towards attainment; and when, greatly elated, he read these burning words aloud, with an intensity of feeling amost painful to hear, one felt that the mantle of the great had descended on this young, beautiful and rarely gifted man.

Of this poem he says in a letter to the present writer: "Can't you feel the emptiness and longing for something true and big and steadfast and far-off coming through my work? That is why I begun the *Symphonie* in my mind years ago." . . .

My space is very limited, but I must quote a few stanzas of the strange, splendid poem, although to detach a few lines here and there is doing scant justice to the work as a whole :—

(First movement. *Adagio.*)

And what I seek I know not,
Save that it is unseen and flawless . . . and uncrowned . . .
Some great perfection of form or colour or sound
Or odour, of the soul and body; so my limbs may slake
At last their touch, so that my heart may flame,
Burn itself out and ache
No more to hear thy name.

. . . . . .

I will not answer the voice
Of the solemn bell on the shore; I will suffer, I will not die
Till my youth be gone from the mirror; I will seek in the sea and sky
For the sudden star that shall flame in my eyes and sear
My lips in its flaming, illumine the holy place
Where the unknown god shall appear
Like fire before my face.

. . . . . .

I will break the bars of my cage,
I will have my joy of the world though my reddened hands should wrest
The passionate star that is mine from its depths in God's breast;
My voice shall soar through the murmurous prayers of the throng,
Shall reach thee, O Fate, in the house of Saturn above;
Thou shalt answer, O Life! Thy song
I will wring from thy heart, O Love!

. . . . . .

(Andante.)

The silence is like death
After that white singing . . . like something deeper far
And deadlier than Death, seen through a door ajar
Upon the further side of hell . . . like the Death I see
Far off . . . at the end of the play . . . strange words he saith
And he waits . . . waits for me . . .
. . . This shadow swallowing Death.

(Andante Cantabile.)

. . . . . .

Dawn . . . I will sing of dawn . . . silver and still;
Far off the dawn is rising . . . with lit eyes
And fragrant wind-blown hair, and breath that sighs
Cool, perfumed like a child's, upon a hill
Builded of dreams fallen from mist-hung skies.

Over the longing lake the vapours curl
Like opals shrouded in a pall of grey
That its pain for Dawn's lips be hid away
From her eyes when her fingers pale as pearl,
Draw back the great gold flaming gates of day.

. . . . . .

I will lay in thine eyes the dreams that wake
On summer eves—the fringed pool's solitude
The copper pines, the hushed serenitude,
The wall of rhododendron round the lake,
The peace, the vision and the sanctitude.

(Second movement. *Allegro con grazia.*)

Veiled amethyst from the faint dawn
Paints the dim poplars round a lawn
Still clouded by the night and spread
Like velvet 'neath the marble faun.

Far off upon the flame-rimmed hills,
Pale green and gold with daffodils,
The ivory lyric of a flute,
The white faun's cold carved marble thrills.

. . . . . .

(Andante Cantabile.)

Sancta Mater dolorosa,
Bless our quiet graves of the morrow,
Laughter is the mask of sorrow,
Est laetitia res morbosa.
Dew lies on the leaves for weeping,
Death hath blossoms for our sleeping,
Lilium mortis, somni rosa.
Soft and slow our tears are falling,
For we hear thy far voice calling,
Mater mundi lacrymosa.

(Third movement. *Allegro molto vivace.*)

I had waited so long, I had sought you in every place,
In the joy of the lark, in the delicate pain of the dove
And sometimes in music had touched you, and sometimes above
In the stars I had seen, as one sees in a mirror, your face;
But only at sunset to-day have I found you, found Love!

. . . . . .

Love—what word is this?
What does it mean to men? No more than lust, made sweet,
Perhaps, by pain; or else just friendship over-pale;

. . . . . .

Little, men mean by love;
But *this*—what new incalculable wondrous thing is this?
This reaching towards you till I cease to be, until
My soul has become yours, fulfilled and still,
And yours the mutual breath of all the worlds—God's kiss.

. . . . . .

Pale pools of moonlight shimmer on the ground,
The great green dim magnolias rise around,
Their gleaming blossoms scenting all the air
With passionate perfume mingling mystical
With odour of night's secret ritual
That gives dreams breath and strips desire bare.

And in the moon-mist on the leaves you stand,
An unplucked rose in an enchanted land;
O love of mine, young voyager on my shore,
Breath of my lips and blood of my wild heart,
We are made one, whom death dares not to part,
And the night's beauty is a pain no more.

. . . . . .

A critic of unusually sympathetic understanding has written of the poem (*Vision*, August, 1919):—

"There is perhaps a closer bond of similiarity between Mr. John's *Symphonie Symbolique* and the Tschaikowsky Symphonie Pathétique than the author himself admitted; but the difference is that Mr. John had travelled a stage further on his quest with every Movement than Tschaikowsky did, and in the end he had far outstripped him. The poet indeed reached the inner threshold of the Mysteries, knew that he would enter, and knew also that the finger of silence was laid upon his lips, and that the final Movement was not to be written. Tschaikowsky all but reached that threshold, but the drawn curtain was for him a signal of discouragement and mockery, and so, unlike the poet, he wrote his last Movement, which he expressed in music of the most heartrending and bitter sadness. For the mystical reader this poem is full of poignant and aching beauty. The richness of its imagery and its passion—these will be interpreted by every reader for himself; by some as of the Earth alone, by others as of the Mystery of Heaven and Earth clasped about the Eternal Spirit of Man."

It is curious to note that all through his correspondence, as all through his work, even dating back to the early 'twenties, are two recurring ideas—one that of premature death, the other that the "Perfect Thing" is unattainable—the subject of the *Symphonie*. I give here a letter written to a friend of youth which vividly exemplifies this.

Although written hastily and with no thought of publication, it is in itself a gem of prose and makes one regret that he never tried to write for publication in this medium, as I so often urged him to do :—

"Caro mio, I think it was the repose of your letter more than anything else that startled me. You speak of unreposeful things in a manner so grave and calm—all the pain and fret of human striving after the unattainable, the seeking and never finding, the cry unanswered, the unresolved chord, seem to become curiously quiet under your handling. It reminds me of Walter Pater, your mental attitude appears almost the same, that almost of the position of the spectator of life, of 'one who views the spectacle of life with appropriate emotions.' And its calmness is strange in one so young as you.

"'Some perfectly beautiful thing, some ideal,' you say, that some day you must meet—'perhaps in this span of existence, perhaps in another.' My dear, I do not think you will meet it on this side of the grave. Indeed, though it may be we return again as the wheel goes round, I do not think we shall find that vision beautiful at all on earth. And afterwards—what then is there? Perhaps sleep, who knows? But I believe this—the pain of our long searching, the pain of our eternal failure, is the flame of life's lamp, of art's achievements; the flame in which, at last, we burn ourselves out. There are certain words in 'The Epic of Hades' I shall never forget—'How far high failure overleaps the bounds of low success.' You remember the old Greek story of Icarus and Dædalus? For me that is an allegory of human art, and Icarus the symbol of the artist. *A cader va chi troppo alto sale,* but it is better to fall than never to have climbed high. This vain search after the unattainable ideal is a terrible thing; but I believe that realisation, were it possible, would be immeasurably more terrible, it would be the end of all things. We always hope—hope is the great curse and the great salvation of us; yet I think that deep down in our souls we know we shall never attain, never realise the unnameable perfection; that is why in art or Nature anything extraordinarily beautiful brings involuntary tears to our eyes—at the same moment we almost see the perfect beauty and realise that it is for ever beyond our vision."

One is struck by the fact that he owed so little to his contemporaries. Here and there his work reminds one of Arthur Symons, but he once told me he had never read a line of Symons. Although he had a marvellous mastery of English when still quite young, yet he seemed to have read very little in his own language except Swinburne and Wilde. He was unusually well-read in Greek and Latin authors. Though possibly influenced by Wilde, he did not imitate him. From his earlier work one imagined Edmund John might have become an English Verlaine, or perhaps Baudelaire, but the *Symphonie* strikes a deeper note. Stephen Phillips drew attention to his distinctive quality and found that if he follow in any school, it is the school of Keats.

Undoubtedly he had not yet reached the fullness of his

powers. Arthur Waugh, reviewing the *Symphonie* in the June *Bookman*, deplores the fact that "so exquisite a voice has been sacrificed in the universal world-tragedy." Had he lived he would doubtless have sung many lovely songs yet, songs haunting and sweet, for in his tenderly-beautiful "Seven Gifts" (published with the *Symphonie*) he seemed to break altogether fresh ground. The "*outré* and the horrible" hold him no more—gone are the passion and pain, the struggle and despair—this serene and beautiful hymn of fatherhood is one of the most perfect things ever written in this language. It attracted much attention when it first appeared in the ENGLISH REVIEW in 1916, and was immediately done into Braille. The original rough copy, written on the back of a schoolboy's arithmetic examination paper, was sent to me with the following note :—

"Ecco, here is *the* poem at last. I wonder if you will like it? Technically it is hardly open to criticism, but technique is not everything in poetry. The form is classically correct and the metre that required by convention by the form. The feeling is, I think, essentially characteristic of myself."

I quote the third and fifth verses :—

"I give my red-lipped boy a rose
Fresh with the dew of waking dawn,
—A rose for my fair, dancing faun
Whose laughter all the summer knows :
—Sweet, careless, unstained fragrant boy,
So that love bring him only joy,
I give my red-lipped boy a rose.

I give my singing boy a lute
With silver strings whose chant belongs
To youth for him to sing his songs
Among the ripening flowers and fruit :
—So that I hear his voice in Spring
When I lay unawakening,
I give my singing boy a lute.

It is greatly to be regretted that the present volume did not include his two characteristic poems, "Nocturne" and "Resurrection," hitherto only published in the pages of a novel by another hand. It certainly cannot have been the author's wish that they should be left out of his collected works. Considering how small his total output has been, this omission from the last volume is difficult to explain. Both author and public are the losers thereby. Of the first-named poem, he once wrote to the present writer: "I rather love the 'Nocturne'; it is the colour of and smells like your garden would do at night, if it were by the sea."

Here are the opening verses of "Nocturne":—

The night hath fallen like a great sweet chord
On this dark hill that once sloped up to dawn;
Hath fallen solemnly
Upon the still soft sward
Like some strange harmony
That Love hath heard and borne
Away from Death. Lo, all the moon starred leaves
Are chanting the clear choral of the night,
Like voices veiled and swayed
By melody that weaves
Enchantments in the shade
Of silvered clouds in flight.
The dim, dark, silent land curves round the sea,
The surf sighs to the cliffs its sesame,
The shore is dreaming, and the white sands wait
For Love's fleet feet when he shall wander there;
The light is like an odour in the air
From caves of vervain deep and passionate.

In the curiously incomplete memoir which prefaces the *Symphonie*, no mention is made of his work as a schoolmaster; rather one would get the impression that the poet was always a man of leisure. This should be corrected, for these strenuous, austere years of hard work, when he was head of a private school that he had worked up in seven terms from thirty boys to seventy-five, were, in one sense, his life's most splendid achievement. For he was not naturally a worker, whereas poetry came to him easily and without effort. Yet he poured his whole self into making a success of his school, putting its welfare before all his own personal desires. He spent his strength lavishly, worked early and late—far too late. Those who had hitherto regarded him as the dilettante artist, the social butterfly, were amazed at the strength of purpose he showed, the courage and determination in the face of physical ill-health and many other obstacles.

His power over boys was extraordinary, and they in turn adored him. I do not think anyone whom he had taught could ever quite forget him—certainly not those children of whom he made special friends. In their young, pure, faithful hearts he will be a precious memory for ever. He felt the parting no less than his pupils when he gave up his work to join the army, voluntarily, in December, 1915, as he had long wished to do. It had been much on his mind during the foregoing year that his position had hitherto made this impossible. In the summer of 1915, walking

with me by the sea, he said suddenly: "Everything's so lovely here, but I can't be happy in these white flannels Haven't you noticed I'm the only young man on the front in mufti?"

I have before me a copy of his farewell speech to his boys. It is so little like the man known to the majority, especially to those who knew him only as a rising poet, that I think an extract from it may interest his readers:—

"And in bidding you good-bye, I would like to leave a word or so of advice for you to keep as you grow older. Never give in. Remember that your own must come to you some day, sooner or later, if you are steadfast and patient, if you play the game, if you are true to yourself. To know and be true to yourself is the great secret, for what is good for one is often bad for another. Do not be for ever asking yourself, 'Is this right? Is this within the law?'—that way one reaches nothing but priggishness. If your motive be stainless and you know your deed will not cause suffering to others, then what you do is good enough whatever the world may say."

Contrast this and the letters already quoted with his amusing social manner. I quote a few examples of his distinctly unconventional mode of accepting invitations:—

"Your divine reasonableness pleases me intensely. It makes my spirit rush out to you in a great wave of appreciation and affection. Since Friday won't suit you and Thursday is impossible for me, and we are both willing to bear each other's company for a few hours this week, and next week I have to parents to see and all the stationery to deal with, etc., etc., Wednesday must be managed somehow. Therefore, if you are willing to support my presence, notwithstanding that I may not impossibly be mean and rag-like, I will be kind enough to step into your car at 7.15 p.m., drive to ——, eat your food, drink your beverages, bore you to intense hatred and be slowly recovering my mental and physical powers at the moment you decide I must be thrown out."

"If you will let me know what time I am expected to have shaved and had my bath on Saturday, I will be charmed to stagger to the car at the appointed moment. If I am still in a trance, you must try and forgive it—I am not awake on Saturdays until a very late hour indeed, owing to the accumulated weekly malady of living and to the fact that I do not rise betimes on that day. Your worn, but devoted.

"May I come on Sunday about 4.30? I shall be indescribably hideous, dull, white, cross, stupid, decayed and worried. I shall appear soaked in ink and grey with good works, and you will execrate me with an intense fury. At 9.30, however, I shall show signs of returning consciousness. Your devoted wreck."

"Thank you; at 11 o'clock I will be ready—more or less—though the unparalleled horror of my appearance and the indescribable imbecility of my mind at such an hour will probably strike you permanently dumb. I hope to brighten as the day goes on—I always do when I am with you."

Reading these, one is irresistibly reminded of Stephen Phillips' memorable line, "*a little jest too slight for one so*

dead." There is an infinite poignancy in recalling or reading the jokes, the jesting remarks of the beloved dead. Of that which was grave or sad about them it is easier to bear the recollection.

After the above, perhaps it would be permissible here to say that his was a face of remarkable and haunting beauty. His wavy black hair, growing curiously low at the temples on either side, a fine forehead, strongly-marked straight black brows, wonderful mystic blue eyes which were generally grave but could smile irresistibly, a Greek profile, a rare charm of manner and of voice, made up a deeply impressive and unusual whole. Yet withal he was entirely lacking in conceit and one of the least egoistic of men. Although always very carefully dressed and well-groomed, he was by no means dandyish, never fussed about "appearances," spoke but reluctantly of himself, and never in praise.

Among my collection of the poet's letters (most of which are too intimate and personal to be suitable for publication) I find another referring to the school life which helps to show the essential goodness of heart that he was so often at pains to conceal.

"Here stirring times are toward. The locum tenens is aged 172; is deaf, blind and partially dumb; and oh, so piteously anxious to please. When I enter the room where he happens to be, in school hours or out, he springs up, with his poor old limbs, and an anxious, childishly beseeching expression on his face! I almost weep every time he does it and long to tell him to pay me less deference.

"Think, he is a Cambridge graduate in honours, and a wrangler, but years have beaten him and I suppose the workhouse must be his inevitable reward. It will end by his stopping here and pottering about with odd jobs, if he keeps on wringing my heart like this. The funny part of it is that I shall never reap heavenly rewards for my charities, simply because their *raison d'être* is only a selfish desire to be spared the sight of suffering which owing to my mental sensitiveness to other people's moods hurts me inexpressibly."

Here is a charming little nature-study, written during his last holiday in Devonshire :—

"How you would love this country. Here time moves slowly like the silver thread of the Axe that I can see from my window winding its way to the waiting sea; the seasons follow in their place serenely; and love and birth and death come beautifully, each at its desired moment, so it seems, and sure of welcome.

"Although I strayed into no little church yesterday, as I might have done, my prayers went up for you from the summit of a pine-clad hill—

very high—perhaps not so far from heaven; nearer, doubtless, than I shall be hereafter.

"The serenity of this life is wonderful. The 'fret of the soul' is not seen in the peasants' faces. A few small villages, an ancient church or two, the budding copses, woods of sycamore and birch and pine, the deep valleys, the eternal dreaming hills, the occasional lowing of cattle, the sweet, soft Devonshire air, stung sometimes with the salt of the sea—these are the Alpha and Omega of existence here.

"Somehow one wishes in such circumstances to blot out all the wild years behind one, and to know never again that sort of mental fever which seems inseparable from such temperaments as mine. Beauty always makes me sad. I think it must be one's soul realising the impossibility of attaining the Perfect Thing seen afar off."

Again the allusion to the unattainable perfection!

Here is yet another letter to a child-friend cherished in her collection of treasures:—

"I have only received your adorable illustrated letter this morning, and loved it so much that I immediately made an altar before it, lit by amber candles in copper candlesticks, burnt incense before it and kissed its extreme beautifulness until I brought on an attack of lead-poisoning. Therefore take warning and never let love lead you to gorge unduly on lead pencil. . . . Will you be mine? Accept me and you shall have cakes of chocolate soap to wash with, ice-cream sodas for shampoo, meringues to sit on, pêches Melba for medicine, and beds of toffee—Macintoshes—from which I myself will drag you every morning in case you should stick. In other words, I would show you the inner meaning of life here below. . . ."

The following, culled from another letter written about the age of twenty-five, is a very characteristic passage:—

"If you want to find perfection, you must turn and wander through the labyrinthine passages of the dead centuries beneath the arch of time, until you reach Greece as it was. To understand anything of me, you must first realise that the Greeks realised what for me is unattainable. Their outlook upon life, their mode of living, their frank joy in physical things, their extraordinary sense of beauty, the charm of the Greek temperament—all these found expression in their art, and that is why it is the most wonderful art the world has ever known, because the Greeks were the most wonderful people. To them all the internal fret and worry, the spiritual chafing of the modern world was unknown; they just lived and loved; and Beauty was their god. Try to get some good translations of Athenæus, Theocritus, Hesiod, Lucian, Ovid (Metamorphoses) and Virgil. Every word is fascinating, and you will begin to understand a little better my contempt for to-day and for the miserable law-bound conventionalities of the 20th century."

About the same time he wrote of his religion as

"an exquisite porcelain vase wherein lie frankincense and myrrh and many sweet perfumes, and every day I take it out and dust it, and touch it with my fingers and with my lips, and smile upon it—but it is just a marvellous porcelain vase, no more."

Later on I fancy he had occasion to revise this view.

His thoughts apparently dwelt much on sorrow and on

the possibility of future troubles. Of later years he seemed increasingly *afraid of life*, distrustful of destiny.

"I know that it is sorrow most often which stirs the artist's soul" (he writes) "and shapes his art, and guides his hand and at last—breaks his heart."

And again :—

"I feel sometimes as if I could weep with some deep, hardly-realised happiness that, nevertheless, has pain in it. Why pain, I do not know; at times I think perhaps because there is unknown pain in store—a long way off."

After he went to Italy this melancholy tendency seemed to deepen. He wrote no more gay and flippant letters, rather a heavy sadness was reflected in them. Perhaps it was ill-health, perhaps the dark shadow of approaching death—who knows? But I think he was glad when the end came. He welcomed rest, for, though only thirty-three, he was very tired. All through his letters to me of 1915 and '16 runs this note of intense physical weariness. And how often, too, are the allusions to *sleep, stillness—lying quiet*—repeated in his verse.

"Do you ever think how quiet and still we shall all be soon?" I have heard him say more than once.

"And though tears jewel Love and spring from Laughter,
And joy comes but to teach us how to weep.
And each kiss has red wounds that follow after,
The quiet end of it is always sleep."[1]

It was in spring that the call to release and promotion came to him, and, as he had prophetically written :—

"Spring, and the falling days, and a swift cloud
Upon one's eyes at last! 'Tis well with thee——"

Truly it is now well with him. . . .

"Let be, let be, these things touch not the Dead—
Love nor Forgetfulness nor Memory—
Bring roses to the mound that covers me,
But wreathe them laughing round thine own live head!
And where I lie, 'neath the wild grass without,
On my dead mouth a Kiss shall find re-birth,
That the slow rain which soaks through the grey earth
About my silent lips shall not wash out."[1]

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[1] *The Wind in the Temple.*

The Call of the Hand

(*A Story of the Balkans*)

By Louis Golding

I

No one knew what sin Nikolai Kupreloff had committed to bring on his head so terrible a penalty. Year after year his wife and he had prayed for a child, to their eikons in the tiny basilica in the wood, and when his wife gave birth at last, it was neither a child nor children. She had given birth to two little boys, perfectly made, exquisitely proportioned, but there was a deadly thing had befallen them . . . the tiny right hand of the one was inexorably seized by the left hand of the other.

The little wood-cutter's cottage of Nikolai lay deeply hidden in the great pine woods of Lower Serbia, miles from his nearest neighbour. Yet even in that wild country the fame of the intertwined children travelled far, and the wise old women from those parts came to see if herbs or chanting or any of their dark gifts might be of the least avail. They were no more useful than a real doctor who had studied at Belgrade, was practising at Monastir, and was stimulated to great interest by the account of these strange children. The case defied all the arts of black or white magic, and the interest of the episode flickered and died down.

So it was that Nikolai reconciled himself to the inevitable, and as the boys grew older he would cross himself devoutly and say: "Thank God, it might have been a thousand times worse!" They were lads of extraordinary beauty. Peter and Ivan he called them, Ivan being the lad who held so irrevocably the wrist of his brother within his fingers. In appearance they were identical—the light, tough hair and the laughing blue eyes of the Serbian Slav, sturdy, well-knit limbs, and a sterling robustness of

physique. It was only their parents and themselves who knew that between them there was one slight but unmistakable mark of distinction—below the knuckle of Ivan's thumb was marked dully a little red arrow. In fact, a stranger might not have known that this abnormal bond existed between the two brothers as he saw them swinging along under the pines. "What a loving little pair!" he would probably exclaim, as he heard them laugh and chatter in complete harmony, and look into each other's eyes with the understanding born of flawless love.

When they were about fifteen years old their mother died, and the father Nikolai began more and more to remain behind in his cottage attending to the frugal needs of the little family, while Peter and Ivan, as the years went on, grew ever more skilful in the art of woodcutting; for Peter wielding the axe in his left hand, Ivan in his right, achieved such a fine reciprocity of movement, that Nikolai would laugh in his great yellow beard and mutter: "Truly the ways of God are inscrutable, for even out of their calamity has He made a great blessing!" The passing of time only knit closer their perfect intimacy, so that they almost did not notice when their father Nikolai sickened and died. Now they were left to their cottage and their woodcutting and their complete love, the whole being crowned by the splendid physique of young foresters at twenty-one; so that life, it seemed, had nothing in store for them but long years of undivided love and content.

Yet even into their seclusion rumours came of the great world beyond. Now and again they would catch glimpses of the marvel of Salonika in the eyes of travelled men. They would hear of a city where lovely women, infinitely more beautiful than the queen of the tousled gypsies who flickered from time to time along the forest paths, sang upon stages of golden wood, in gardens full of hanging lights. They would hear of the sea and glowing ships, and men who spoke low musical languages uttered in countries beyond the sea.

So it was the brothers determined to leave their woodcutting behind them for a season and adventure forth into the world of ships and songs and lovely women.

II

To Peter and Ivan Salonika was a revelation of wonders they barely thought actual. From a little room in the street of Johann Tschimiski they saw the multi-coloured tides of cosmopolitan humanity sweeping down from Egnatia Street, down Venizelos Street to the Place de la Concorde. They would walk along the quay-side past the great hotels to the Jardins de la Tour Blanche, and were sent into an ecstasy of delight by the *chic* little women who smiled archly at these two fair-headed lads from the up-country, who walked along hand clasped in wrist in so naïve and rustic a manner. Yet when they entered the Théatre des Variétés at the White Tower it seemed to them that the very portals of heaven had opened wide. They would return in a daze of delight to their room and recount with an almost religious fervour the beauties and enchantments of the show. Each little Spanish or French girl who came to do her song or minuet had seemed to them more enchanting than the last. Never a cloud of disagreement came between them. There was a perfect coincidence in their tastes, and never, they felt, had their love for each other been so sympathetic and complete as it was now.

The brothers had no large sum of money at their disposal. The time of their holiday was drawing to a close. One evening they turned up at the theatre for the last time, their nerves keyed up to a pitch of delighted impatience, the more tense as the brothers knew that the next day would see them on the arduous road back to their Serbian forest. Turn followed turn with alluring consequence. Then at one stage the music ceased for some moments and there was an atmosphere of expectance in the air. It was then that a simple and delightful English girl came half-shyly from the wings. There was nothing flamboyant in her appearance or her manner. Yet at once she seemed to seize the house with the graceful and reticent winsomeness of her song. So she sang her song through, a dainty little ballad of old-world gardens and fragrant flowers and love unto death. Peter felt the fingers of Ivan tighten round his wrist. He himself had been so stirred to his depths by the gentle grace of the girl that it was

with a slight feeling of resentment he realised that Ivan had been experiencing once again an identical emotion. As he involuntarily moved away his arm Ivan uttered a slight cry of impatience. He turned round and looked into Peter's eyes and found them aflame with a light deeper than mere appreciation. Peter was aware of his brother's glance and looked at Ivan in return to find his face flushed almost as if he were half-drunk.

That night for the first time in their history there occurred a slight bickering between the two. No mention of the little English actress passed between them, but each of them determined that some day, when his brother's interest had died away, he should broach the subject and the possibility of a rediscovery of the English actress at Salonika.

Next day they entrained for Monastir, and a few days later saw them installed once again in their father's cottage in the wood.

III

In proportion as the fortunes of the Kupreloff brothers increased, something that had once existed between them receded further away. The perfection of their old intimacy became a memory of the past. No longer did the most minute physical or spiritual experience of the one become automatically part of his brother's consciousness. So that now for the first time their indissoluble partnership became more and more galling.

There was no doubt of it. Everything dated from that last night at Salonika, when the English girl appeared on the stage. They would still occasionally revive something of the old fervour as they discussed from time to time their impressions of the unforgettable holiday. Yet never a word passed between them concerning the unconscious girl who had captured both their hearts. At night they would lie awake, each thinking that the other was asleep. Bitterly, definitely, they would confess to their own deep hearts: "She is mine, she is mine; I am hers for ever." And yet to each their love seemed hopeless beyond recall. There was the double sting that each of them loved the girl with an intensity reserved hitherto for his brother; but, if possible, more fatal was the despair-

ing conviction that no girl could ever love the one of two brothers to whom the other would remain physically attached till death carried them both away. As the months passed by the friction between them increased. They were now in a position to buy land and a little livestock. But if Peter insisted upon keeping pigs, in the fashion of the majority of Serbians, Ivan would insist upon cattle. If Peter felt that he had done enough woodcutting for the day, Ivan felt that the day was only just beginning.

One night in late autumn Peter lay tossing very heavily in his sleep. Ivan lay awake, thinking, thinking for ever of the girl, his whole heart full of rancour against the brother who must for ever prevent the consummation of his love. Heavily, wearily, Peter heaved on the bed. Outside the wind was howling. The dreariness of the wind seemed to enter Peter's heart. "My little girl," he murmured, "my little girl! When shall we meet, my little girl? Never, never, never!" Ivan's forehead contracted with hate. He was filled suddenly with a tremendous loathing of his brother. "Never, never, never!" moaned Peter. Suddenly, obeying a frantic impulse, Ivan pulled with all his strength away from his brother's wrist to which Fate had so viciously fastened him. With a great scream of pain Peter half leapt from the bed.

"What's this? What do you mean?" he shouted, his voice thick with pain and sleep. "Nothing! Nothing! I couldn't help it! I was dreaming!" replied Ivan savagely, and the brothers settled down again for the night.

Night after night the same thing happened. Peter would murmur for ever in his sleep, "My little girl, when shall we meet? Never, never, never!" Ivan would lie awake, hatred surging violently through his whole body, till his eyes would see nothing but flame in the darkness of their log-built room; and the sound of the branches in the forest would begin to mutter and moan: "Have done with it, Ivan, have done with it! She is waiting for you, waiting, always waiting. Have done with it! Have done with *him*—with *him*—with *him!*"

One desolate night towards mid-winter the room was full of the miserable sleep-cries of Peter. Outside thunder ripped among the clouds. A finger of lightning came suddenly through the windows and pointed with a gesture

of flame towards the open breast of Peter. A sudden and terrible thought flooded into Ivan's soul. Whatever there was of human kindness and brother love seemed in one sinister moment to be washed away from him before the onset of the flood. All the branches upon all the trees shrieked across the night. "We shall be quiet, you shall have rest. She shall be yours. Have done with him, have done with him!"

A great calm settled down upon Ivan's soul—the issue was decided, the issue which had been hovering for so long in his subconsciousness, was decided at last. There was nothing left to do. The mere deed was the mere snapping of a thread. With his eyes wide open, a terrible silence laying upon his soul, he stared into the night, waiting, waiting for the dawn.

Dawn came at last. The brothers washed and took food. There was a long way to go, far off into the woods. There was almost a tenderness in Ivan's attitude towards Peter. What mattered now? The issue was decided; the gods had taken the thing out of his hands. With their axes swinging they made their way into the woods, through a day sharp with frost. At last they arrived at the clearing where they were to continue their tree-felling. A brazier stood waiting there, and before work started they lit a fire in preparation for the midday meal. Then they picked up their axes and set to. Lustily their strokes rang through the wood. Chime rang upon chime. It was strenuous work, the work of men with strong muscles and keen eyes.

The morning went by steadily. There was no hate in Ivan's soul—only a deadly patience. He knew the moment would come. He knew when the moment came that he would act. For a few minutes they stopped and wiped their foreheads. Peter opened his shirt wide and exposed his breast to Ivan. The quick vision presented itself of Peter heaving darkly in their bed, the sudden finger of lightning, the naked breast.

"Come!" said Ivan thickly, "let us begin!"

They both took up their positions against a tree. Peter with the axe in his left hand struck against the tree. Ivan, quick as the lightning which last night had shown him his way, whirled his axe round, away from the tree, and the sharp edge went cracking through Peter's ribs, deep

beyond the heart. A great fountain of blood spurted into the air. A long feeble moan left Peter's lips. Deeper than the axe had cut, his eyes looked sorrowfully into the soul of Ivan. His weight tottered and Ivan felt himself following to the ground. There was not a moment to lose. Again the axe whirled through the air. With the whole of a strong man's strength the axe came down upon his own wrist, and down fell the body of Peter with the hand of his brother indissoluble in death round his wrist, as it had been indissoluble in life.

The thing he had brought about was too monstrous for Ivan at that moment to understand. It was only the little things that his ear and eye seized—the frightened screech of a bird in a tree, the sullen shining of the little red arrow in the thumb of his own severed hand.

Ivan felt the blood streaming from the stump of his forearm. He knew that if he did not reassert complete mastery over himself he would bleed to death. All would be vain—the call of the far girl, the murder, the last look in Peter's eyes. He staggered over to the brazier and plunged his forearm for one swift instant into the embers. Then darkness overwhelmed him and he fell backward into unutterable night.

IV.

It was easy enough to explain. Not the least suspicion attached itself to Ivan. People came from remote cabins and farms to sympathise with the bereaved brother. What was more likely in the world than that Ivan's axe should slide from a knot in the tree and come crashing against Peter, who, even if he could see the axe coming, could not by any human means have disengaged himself from his brother. "I always thought something like this would happen," people muttered wisely to each other, and shook their heads and crossed their breasts.

Of course they all understood how Ivan could no longer remain in the cottage consecrated by memories of his brother. So Ivan sold his accumulation of timber and his land and what little stock the brothers had bought, and it was not many weeks after his forearm was healed that the jangling train from Monastir was bearing him

through the Macedonian hills upon his quest for the English girl at Salonika.

In Salonika she was nowhere to be found. Forlornly he went from music-hall to music-hall, but she was gone. He haunted even the *cafés chantants* along Egnatia Street, even the degenerate *brasseries* on the Monastir Road, where the red-costumed women stood upon improvised platforms and sang to tipsy crowds with the accompaniment of feeble violins. But there was no trace of her in the whole city. From the director at the White Tower he learned that perhaps she had proceeded to Constantinople, perhaps she had returned to Athens, whence the European artistes generally came to Salonika on their round of the greater Levantine towns.

With all the fervour and idealism of a mediæval knight Ivan stepped upon the deck of a Messageries Maritimes boat returning to Marseilles by way of the Piræus. When the electric train from the harbour landed him at the station in Athens a mystic conviction filled him that here in this city, some day, the English girl would be revealed to him. Ambitiously he first tried the great *Opéra*, but she was not there. The weeks lengthened into months and failure followed failure, but the mysterious foreknowledge of his race held up his weary spirits and bade him put aside despair.

When at last she appeared upon the stage of one of the lesser music-halls, it was with no great start of surprise or welcome that he recognised her arrival. It was as if a mother or a sister had slipped back into the place from which for some reason she had been absent. Her features had become engraved upon every curve of his brain. She came upon the stage and filled his life again as naturally as day fills the place of night. Life became for him a thing of meaning and splendour. He realised that at last Life was to begin.

He knew little of the half-measures and half-advances of Western civilisation. He lost no time in appearing before the girl. After only a few words of difficult apology, with a voice of low and subdued passion he told her a fragment or two of his tale. It was a broken French that he talked—the French of which his mother long years ago had taught her boys the few phrases she knew, and

which his experiences in Salonika and Athens during the last few months had greatly improved.

The large grey eyes of the English girl opened wide in wonder as she listened, fascinated, to the stammering avowals of this tall stranger from a shadowy land. Half in fright she drew back against the wall of her wretched little dressing-room, but, even so soon she realised that the destiny was overwhelming her which was to bring an end to her wanderings. She consented shyly to his suggestion that she should see him for a little while next night, and it was with a thrill of delight and fear she saw his great figure waiting for her at the gate of the Museum, as the purple Athenian dusk came wandering down from the Acropolis and cast velvet glooms among the pillars of Pentelican marble.

For years since her mother had died and her father had become a confirmed drunkard, it was a very lonely life that Mary Weston had led. She had no great talent, and she had drifted from theatre to theatre upon the Continent, for to her England was a place of no kindly memories. Ivan Kupreloff began to mean for her what her mother had meant before she died and her father before he had taken to drink.

A few months had passed only. There was no escape from Ivan. There was nothing importunate about him, but he was irresistible. He was Life. Proudly he realised that he had conquered her. To world's end and Time's end she was his own.

They were married at length. Athens and all the cities she had known, the Serbian wood and the murdered brother—these passed utterly from their souls in the strong kiss which united them for all days.

V.

Yet not for ever was the memory of his dead life to vanish from the heart of Ivan. Even during the times of his most passionate love for Mary there began to invade him moments of bitter memory and regret. There was something which prevented the entire fusion with Mary towards which he yearned and ached. It was something deep in his soul. It was something which gnawed at his

forearm, bit with teeth of contrition at the place where the axe had fallen and severed the hand from the wrist.

He tried to put all this futility from him. He would seize Mary more closely, look desperately into her eyes, and in the perfume of her lips and hair seek anodyne. Between them there was a sufficient store of money, small though it was, to allow them a few months of liberty, undisturbed by any thought of the future. They wandered lazily about Greece for a little time, finding in the Greek day and the immemorial hills a perfect setting for their love.

And yet ever more insistently came to him the call of the hand—the hand which had been his own and not his own, the hand which had united in so unique an embrace his brother with himself.

Again at night voices tormented him. Again, when winds were about, they called with living words: "The hand! The hand! It is calling you, calling! Answer! He wants you! Peter!" wailed the wind, "Peter! Peter!"

Lines began to draw across his forehead. With anxiety Mary saw shadows growing under his eyes, and in his eyes a hunger which grew more and more forlorn. "What is it, love?" she would murmur. "You've not slept well!"

"Nothing at all, love, nothing! All's well!" he would reply, trying with a kiss to forget the wind and the hand and the call.

"There's something you're longing for. Tell me, Ivan. Let me help you. You must."

"Nothing, Mary. I've got you. There's nothing else in the world." But the call of the hand did not abate. "Peter!" the winds wailed, "Peter! He wants you! Answer!"

The urgency of the call grew more imperious. He was sickening and growing weak. There was a hot torpidity in the dry Greek noon which shrivelled his veins. He would drag his coat down from his neck and lift his head and try to breathe the deep breath he had known in his Serbian wood. But there was no spaciousness, no great draughts of cool air in the wind, only voices: "Peter! Peter! Peter!"

"We must go somewhere. We must go away," said

Mary. "We must go to Athens and see a doctor, Ivan. I'm afraid!"

"Not Athens! No!" he replied with a shudder, his temples contracting as before the hot blast from an oven. Those dry marble spaces! The dusty pepper-trees! The sweating crowds in the shops, swallowing sweet cakes like swine swallowing husks in a sty! Athens became a nightmare.

He was lying awake one night, the body of Mary curled beside him, her hair floating vaguely on the pillow in the half-light of the moon. She stirred in her sleep, and her little white hand unconsciously sought his wrist and fastened tightly round it. That moment bridged the buried time. Unescapably Mary had brought back to him the sensation of Peter lying in the grasp of his own hand. Never before was the call of the hand so imperious. Never so clearly did the wind exclaim "Peter! He wants you! Answer!"

An irresistible love for his murdered brother overwhelmed him. He raised himself from his bed and lifted helplessly his lopped arm into the whispering room. "Coming, my brother, I am coming! Wait! Peter!" he moaned and the wind replied: "Peter! Peter!"

He lay back in bed. He realised that the strongest claim in the world upon him was the call of the hand. As for Mary—she was nothing different from himself. For her as for him the call of the hand came dictatorially. In each other they were one, but without the hand their unity was uncompleted. The call of the hand must be obeyed. To-morrow they must leave Greece behind. To-morrow to Serbia, to-morrow the response to the hand.

Mary was not surprised when Ivan without warning explained that all their plans were altered. She was used to his unaccountable whims, the sudden mystic impulses of his Slavonic soul.

They packed up the few things which were all the impediment they possessed, and next day saw them well started on their way to Monastir, carefully skirting Athens. Arrived at Monastir, a few days elapsed before they appeared at the remote wood where Ivan was born. The cottage built by Ivan Kupreloff was not yet occupied. The strange character of its former inhabitants combined

with the terrible nature of Peter's death had succeeded in keeping it empty! They obtained permission from its owner to occupy the cottage, and with a great sigh of content Ivan flung open the door where he and his brother had passed so frequently in former days.

In a little time Mary had made of the house such a palace of delight as it had not been since Ivan's mother was dead. Happily, Ivan took in large draughts of the Serbian pineland air, filling his lungs. Happily, with Mary beside him on the bed where he and Peter had lain entwined, the dark drowsy nights melted into dawn. He had made his reply to the call of the hand. Only faintly, if at all, the wind or the branches whispered "Peter! Peter!" Peter seemed to be happy at last. The severed hand seemed at last to be tranquil round the wrist of the murdered brother. Then the winds died away, and there was no sound of "Peter!"; only fitfully a swaying of twigs and a rustle of pine-needles.

So it seemed. Till summer drooped her drowsing hair. Summer became wrinkled and old. Summer went and the swift autumn came. The days shortened into the rigours of winter, the days ever contracted towards the anniversary of that red day when the axe was lifted and Peter fell. Never a moment did it occur to Ivan that now when the fatal day was approaching he might leave behind him his Serbian wood. He knew that, more tightly than ever during his living days, the wrist of Peter lay within his own hand, tight, unescapable. Mary and he lay under the thumb of that severed hand wherefrom the red arrow glowed when the night was dark and the wood-fire threw leaping shadows over the log-walls. There was no gainsaying the call of the hand till the end of days. Ivan knew that never again would he leave behind his Serbian wood.

Came the night which was the anniversary of that dead, unburyable night when Peter's doom had been sealed. Again there was the rumbling of thunder, there were evil flashes of lightning that ran among the clouds. Never with so firm an embrace had Mary been clasped within his arms. Nothing in the world was so strong as his love for Mary. They had responded to the call of the hand. There was no further claim upon them. Ivan kissed her

sleeping eyes and was lulled in the music of her breathing. A drowsiness came over him, and for a time he slid into sleep.

In his sleep something tightened round him, something growing so tight that it forced through the barriers of his sleep. Vaguely, faintly, a half-consciousness came back to him. He was not awake. He was not asleep. He was in a borderland where the other world is not dead and this world is half-alive. Tighter grew the thing which pressed against his sleep. It was round his wrist, it was round the wrist where something had once come crashing down. What was it? What was it had come crashing down? An axe it was that had come crashing down. It was the hand of Mary growing tighter round his wrist. No, it could not be the hand of Mary. Mary had fallen from his arms. Mary was turned away from him. He could see her hands pale where she had lifted them in sleep above her head. It was not the hand of Mary growing tighter round his wrist. But it was a hand. No doubt of that. It was a hand. With a dull glow of flame a little red arrow gleamed like embers below the thumb of the hand. Where had he seen that arrow? Where and when? When his hand had fallen away from him, lopped at the wrist. It was the dead hand which was not dead. It was his own hand. It was the hand with the red arrow which had held Peter so tightly. It was the dead hand which was alive, the living hand which had arisen from the dead. Tighter round his wrist grew the pressure of the severed hand. The hand was tired of calling. The hand had come. There was no gainsaying the hand. So tight grew the clutch of the hand that his whole arm slowly lifted from his side. Irresistibly the shoulder followed the rising arm. There was no gainsaying the hand. Neither awake nor asleep, neither living nor dead, he followed the hand, he rose from the bed where Mary lay, sleeping sundered from him, his no more. Mary was alive. He was neither living nor dead. The door of the room was opened wide. Closed doors were no barrier against the hand which had arisen from the grave. Slowly, with steady feet, with wide, filmy eyes, Ivan passed through the door. Slowly through the outer door, slowly into the sound of thunder, into the gleam of lightning and the voices of winds moaning unceasingly, "Peter! Peter!

He is calling you! Ivan! Peter is calling you! Follow!" and ever again and unceasingly, "Peter! Peter!"

Tighter than the bonds of ice or granite hills, tight only as the bond of death, the arisen hand held the lopped wrist, drew the slow body of Ivan through the haunted night, far into the wood, far through the talking trees, far to the place of that tree which had not been cut down, to the place where an axe had fallen through bones and flesh, where Peter had fallen, where Peter lay buried, not deep down; where Peter lay buried under twigs and loose earth.

Tightly round the wrist of the man neither alive nor dead clutched the resurrected hand. Nearer and nearer to the shallow grave the hand pulled down the body of Ivan. Methodically, steadily, working with no pause, the free hand of Ivan moved the twigs and the loose earth —methodically, with no pause, until at last the body of Peter lay revealed; not recognisable, dissolute beneath the change through which all men shall pass, recognisable only to those filmy eyes of Ivan, to that questing hungry soul of Ivan which had come to claim its own. Closer and closer to the dead brother the severed hand drew the body of Ivan down; so close, so close, until at last the hand clutched again and for ever that wrist to which Fate had fastened it long years ago. Alongside of his dead brother, quietly, with those eyes which neither saw nor did not see, Ivan lay down full length. Gradually the severed hand, the hand which had arisen from the dead to claim him, because the dead brother called and the severed hand called for its own, gradually the hand slipped from the lopped wrist; the wrist and the arm became one. The hand of Ivan had brought Ivan to his own. Indissolubly, Peter and Ivan lay joined together. But the death which lay cold in the heart and body of Peter passed from the clutched wrist, passed into the hand which clutched it, passed along the arm which had been severed once, and along Ivan's shoulder, until it made of his eyes unseeing discs and of his heart cold stone which could beat no more.

As the grey light of dawn came emptily down the Serbian woods, the two brothers lay immortally one again, like the two babies the gods had given Nikolai Kupreloff upon a long-vanished night.

Moral of the Strike

By Guildsman

GUILD socialists, and, indeed, most thoughtful socialists, recognise that the strike, except as a means to secure better wages, is not a positive instrument, because force, wherever and however used, is the negation of idea or creation, and so invariably defeats itself. The same applies to all physical revolution. In France, the Revolution of 1789 ended in Napoleon, in autocratic militarism. In 1848, it ended in reconciliatory Monarchism coupled with a decadent European Liberalism. In Russia, Bolshevism found itself pressed from its standards and ideals into a despotism, and in the world to-day the standing menace to the world is the transference of German militarism to the conquering grouping, standardising in the Entente countries the very system they set out to remove.

So with the railway strike. It has altered nothing. Force bred force. Two vertical systems arose retroactively. Those who meant to down, those who refused to be downed. Two Welshmen eventually agreed to agree, probably neither at any time during the strike being more than annoyed at either the one or the other's attitude.

Theoretically, according to the Government's statements, the strike was about a £14,000,000 wage-bill; it lasted nine days, and probably involved the country in a loss in production, service, exports, and extras of, say, £50,000,000. That is to say, to get Government acceptance of a ten-months' run of a £14,000,000 wage-bill, the country lost £36,000,000; and this from a Government which is actually spending daily double as much as the country makes.

A madman would laugh at this fact, and the people would be more than vexed could they consider things in their true light instead of emotionally; one might almost assume that Sir Eric himself would smile. But such is the truth. The "definitive" adjective of Sir Eric provoked

the strike, the men seeing in a word implying finality a declaration of war on wages and reacting accordingly. This, then, is the measure of our economics. The railwaymen have obtained their £14,000,000 for ten months, the country has lost £36,000,000. We are still spending twice as much as the country makes.

Take the strike politically, what has been gained?

Here probably definite, not definitive, results may accrue. They are three. First, the public—democracy. Unquestionably, a robust health has been shown. The public has made good. All the essential qualities in our race "came out." The public takes first prize and a diploma for good conduct.

Secondly, the "definitive" section of the Government have been taught a salutary lesson, namely, that definitive laws and measures will not work in Britain in 1919. The Government, which tried to set up the principle of implicit obedience or "unconditional surrender" in a key industry, realised that extremism leads to extremism, and that prudence is the better half of courage. Probably this was due to Mr. Lloyd George, who is quick at gauging potentialities. Anyhow, the Wilson policy prevailed, not the Geddes policy. Very properly, negotiators ended the strike by negotiation, as it ought to have been ended within the first twenty-four hours. Thus the Government's challenge to turn the strike into a national fighting issue failed.

Thirdly, the Press. The Press began badly, unfairly, stupidly—and ended sanely; in fact, ended the strike, with the judicious assistance of the machinists and compositors. This is an important point, because the Press learnt a lesson. The strike would not have lasted two days had not the Press started a Bolshevist scare in conjunction with the Prime Minister, who anathematised the railwaymen as "anarchists"—a gross libel on an admirable body of men, and ludicrously inexact even as a cinema description. But it served. It drove the community into passion, into strikers and opposition, and—queered the pitch. After that, the public imagined the railwaymen were financed by Trotski and any day might start a Kadaver butter factory. The strike became a game in posters and advertisements. Fortunately—most fortunately—the Press steadied itself and instantly the situation eased. If the Press had

informed the public of the truth, which was that Sir Eric was prepared to forfeit £50,000,000 of the public moneys in order to agree not to reduce a £14,000,000 wage-bill until prices had come down, the strike would not have lasted two hours.

True but for the Prime Minister's ejaculation of "Anarchists!" the public might not have responded so magnificently; that, however, is not the point. *We* now know that the railwaymen are not anarchists, or surely Mr. Lloyd George would not on the ninth day have granted their claim. We also know that strike behaviour was exemplary. Looking back, we must admit that the "call" was, politically, alarmist and silly. It was a mistake. It is a signal example of the state of Governmental mind left by the war. We can all see that the Government are ready on any pretext to take a war view of any industrial situation, no doubt, from the long use of habit and the fact that the machinery for a mobilisation policy is so perplexingly ready and easy.

Only the public can congratulate themselves.

The reaction may be two-fold. On the one side, a disposition to pass legislation making strikes illegal—which would be fatal to the Bourgeois parties at the next election; on the other, a reconsideration of "direct action," either as a policy or a principle. If this latter results, the strike will have proved highly beneficial. It would be supremely interesting to discover how many railwaymen voted for the coalition nine months ago. Probably well over half. That is the true answer to the strike, the poll. Cannot the *Daily Herald* or the *Daily Mail* be induced to take a referendum among the railwaymen on that point? A really interesting result would be obtained. In reality the workers have the power in their hands—at the polls. They can always gain there what no direct action can procure for them—national sanction, which is the *de facto* authority of Mr. Lloyd George. That is the moral of the strike. The Prime Minister called probably fifty per cent. of the railwaymen who voted him into power. "anarchists." A little absurd, is it not? Surely, democracy will shortly do better than that.

A word to the railwaymen. One reason of the public's antipathy lay, without a doubt, in the rudeness of porters,

a grievance from which the travelling public have been long sufferers. Rudeness is a poor device, and antagonises. The public consequently jumped at an attack on railwaymen as a kind of means of paying it back. The men will be wise to consider that aspect. For a long while past porters have been unnecessarily rude and disobliging, often sullenly hostile to the public. They must change that attitude if they wish to gain sympathy. Let us hope the railway stations will be a little more "co-operative" in spirit in the future.

Lastly, the Press. Their responsibility is to-day tremendous for good or for evil. Let them remember this. They nearly fanned a ridiculous strike into a general industrial upheaval, and but for a tempering reminder from the railwaymen of their own profession, the machinists, in their misjudgment of things and of spirit they might have brought about such a calamity. The "strong man" is not their business. They should be the strong men, preserving independence or balance. But they have become so used to propaganda that the newspapers can no longer sift the scoriæ of news and movement; and so failed to distinguish between what is definite and what "definitive," though one might think that Baronial journalists understand politics well enough to know that in that arena nothing is definitive.

On the whole, it is an ill wind that blows no good, and the strike has at least taught us some not unimportant political and moral lessons.

It has taught the community to respect itself. It has taught the Government to beware of arrogating to themselves the power of dictating finality. It has taught the Press that economics are not propaganda, and that a *responsible* Press is a democratic nation's prime salvation.

So we shake again—"anarchists," blacklegs, public, and politicians. Net loss—£36,000,000. Gained—a lesson in propaganda, which has not proved economic, *e.g.*, there must be idea behind the knock-out. Will Mr. Lloyd George remember that? The public and the compositors find an equation in proportional representation. And now may we hope that porters will be a little more obliging and politicians a little less expletive, and the Press an appreciable trifle more responsible?

Sketches by a Farm Hand

By F. Hamilton

"Come What May."

"You won't last out the day if you go at that pace," they used to say to me when I first came under the yoke. "Oh, yes, there was no lighting of fires to get me up to work, I can tell you."

I, at first, thought they were "pulling my leg." I soon learnt the pace, however. That is a quite elementary lesson of the farmyard.

What I never acquired was Wiltshire's faculty of seeing the future. He saw it all ready-made. He would often say, "There's another day to-morrow."

Life must be luxurious with so much realised. I got so far towards that real estate, as to look upon myself as a "screw," when I detected myself trying to save time.

Neither could Wiltshire be robbed. Of any interruption he took no account. You would as soon expect to hear earth-rendings as to hear from this man's lips, "It is finished."

Sometimes he did say "That's done," but this was taken for granted, if not added, which it more generally was, "But for to-day."

The first of the days when the thresher was with us, I had been getting along as best I could with the work of the stalls, unaided.

"Wiltshire," I said, "I'd have been a corp' if you'd left me here longer to work alone."

He turned a mischievous glance on me as he dawdled into the mixing house and slowly drew off his jacket.

"That would have been good enough for I," he remarked, whereupon I promptly laid myself out on the wall of the grain pit and looked down placidly into his eyes.

"Don't flutter," said Father Wiltshire—I called him "Father" because he tied my apron-string; often in return he'd ask the loan of that end of rope, as he said, "to keep his belly together"—"don't flutter; I used to flutter once,"

he said. I, then, was not without hope of regeneration. "Someone is sure to come and help you when you've done." These prophetic words were uttered impressively, and as I sweated there came to me as an after-thought, "And angels came and ministered to him." That's when angels appear, then, thought I, after you've done the sweating. That's it, I ruminated, a man isn't going to see them till he is equal to his enterprise. Then he'll see the thing balanced, that is to say, the poised angel.

It was after this, yes, after all this, that it fell out upon a day that Wiltshire was losing all patience with a bull calf that he couldn't get to suck. And it fell out upon my begging him to let me take over that job he had in hand that he replied, "You wouldn't have patience."

Now, I was angry because he said to me, "You haven't patience for this." Therefore I compassed about for a further means to show him I had than that of losing any of the said virtue on the spot. I gained my two ends, my nursling and his withdrawal.

I have seen Wiltshire strike a heifer that slipped, and strike her again with a two-prong as she tried to rise. I have seen him kick a cow till she emitted a groan.

I have come to the conclusion that there are two types of patience, and that they diverge.

—Aye, eh! There's a matter of some two hundred mile now 'twixt Wiltshire and me; and Gert, that is his maid and his master's servant, sent a letter thus far the other day that said, "Father misses you very much."

There are two ways, on both which serves this password, "Let come what may." This is capable of different interpretation according as it is used in the one way or the other. In the one way it signifies, give leave to arise that which is to be allowed for.

Used in the other way, it signifies, allow to approach whatever (we see not what) is in a state—of fluctuation.

There! Cannot Wiltshire see that his watchword, as mine, presupposes the possibility of reformation?

With his infinite vision of "to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow," all ready made, how shall he?

Yet again may be heard the word pass, "Come what may!" From which road? It is on the road to revolution. Where is that road? It is what you come to in the long

run, on the "other" way to which I have alluded, and the run on it for some of us *has* been long.

The Golden Fleece.

One wet Sunday I met Albert quitting the field some time after five to go to—church.

Thither would he bear in mind the birds of the air and the scattered seed? The odds are he would not. What I should say is, that the church is, for our minds as for our bodies, a water-tight compartment.

Our shepherd goes to church on Sunday evenings. What does he picture of shepherds and kings, rather what do they that read of shepherd-kings wot of him?

Though a hireling, P. is a good shepherd. I see him roving with something of a sailor's gait and a half nautical, half highway gear. I see him at any end of the day and any end of the night.

One morning when he was "grousing" to me: "Out at eleven last night. I couldn't leave her. I'll not be indoors this Sunday. I've got that sick one here in the barn, for her bag do rot, and I must over to B—— to the other flock and the lambing nigh in the pens, and there's that ewe to skin—"

"I reckon you give your life for them, P.," I said.

"And no thanks for it," he says, "but sixpence a lamb. Master'd better have them would let them rot, and then he'd know the difference."

This I believe. Money is no object to these shepherd kings, to cowmen, to gardeners. They are not paid when they receive it, and they know it. When you hear them complain of a low wage they are but using your phraseology. What they feel is the ingratitude. Is this not why they smile as they grumble—that weary, affectionate smile, as saying: "And ye will not come to me?"

"It's not for us to tell them, it's for them to give it us." There was more of tender pathos than of indignation in her voice as she spoke. Mrs. P. had heard that the wages of milkers on neighbouring farms had been augmented; she had heard, too, that while she paid a price for the daily pint of milk, we, the whole-time workers, received it without money. Moreover, it was thought that certain of these denied this to her. Her cup was full. After her two years'

service, when hereupon she made her petition, "I suppose you can have it," they answered her.

Why did she not say it, she questioned me, speak as it came to her, say this: "If I do not deserve it, then give it not to me?"

I answer you as I answered her there on my three-legged stool: "Because there's no way for it, though I've looked for ways, but this. The meek inherit the earth and have more pride than they."

I know where a milker sat, the hem of whose garments for thirty years has been wet with dew of her master's fields, but when last I saw her seated it was with folded hands by her own hearth.

"It's a joy that I've never had," said I, "to see you sitting so at the close of day." For I never saw her sit but it were on her milking stool, for if I did come in of an evening, and I was always welcome to, she would be ironing or cooking, or maybe weeding the onion bed. "Mother hasn't been milking these last months," said Maggie. "She can't take nothing, but could take milk, and of course we can't get that."

Then, because it was some months since I had been there, they, Maggie and her mother, told me fondly what there was to tell of my favourites and of theirs, out of the farmer's herd. Mine were the puzzled heifers, and hers the ofttime mothers, and Maggie's, I think, were the calves.

One morning I fell asleep under my cow and dreamed the hide of the black one was drying in the sun in the yard, and I asked the milkers, laughing, if the dream were an omen.

"I woke the dad last night" (this says the shepherd's wife). "I were ironing late, and he says, 'Why did you stir me, I were just skinning a lamb?' Why," she said, "Dad, we've those lambs' tails to do if we're to fry them to-morrow."

So P. dreams of the golden fleece. It's a bloody business, shepherding. P. puts a little coat of the skin of a kid of the sheep, straddled across the new-born lambs, and with this palladium they pace the pens. When he has skinned a lamb it is on the gooseberry bushes that he hangs the little fleeces.

Without charity, he might have been "as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." As it was, he but droned, softly, continually, upon two strings, one tuned to the passing winds, the other vibrating at the tread of persons near.

It was monotonous, this droning, because the refrain was invariably closed by the dominant note, sounded in a higher key. It will rain. 'Tis fine. Where be the boy? You can't do it. When be they coming back? Master's gone to market. The broom's worn out. They ain't had victuals enough.

So was phrased the music of Briton's soul. Such were the variations within the octave, "Week-in—Week-out."

Sometimes it seemed as if some gut in him had become slack with age, allowing things to fall from his lips that pass through the minds of others.

We have little Sunday rest in the cattle yards, but occasionally there comes to us that brief Sabbath when we lead the once idol of men from his whitewashed stall, when we rest from all that our hands have created or made, when we can watch only and behold that it is good. As it is borne in upon us that the most vital act of the morning's labour is accomplished, there falls from the lips of Briton this comment: "Well done, Billy."

It was a revelation to him who was loved of the Good Shepherd to see a beast like a calf having eyes behind. "Where did Briton expect mine to be?" would you say. Viewing meditatively the cow's tail behind me, that had momentarily ceased to be the instrument of my chastisement, he inquired audibly, prior to bringing forward his pail, "Be she done?"

"Except when concerned with the by-product twice daily, Briton spent his time in nothing else, but in removing the waste products of those obscure works that, like the mills of God, "grind slowly, but grind exceeding small."

His field of inquiry in natural science was restricted. On that long-looked-for day, when the cattle went down on their knees on the new grass, and laid their faces to the ground, he and I, having our hands rid of them, sniffed the earth and fingered a purple flower in the hedgerow.

"I thought 'twas a violet," he murmured; "'tis some

other little 'erb." So saying we again picked up the trail to that which is, as a young farmer once reminded me, in reproof for too punctilious scouring of milk pails, grass gone through a cow.

It was upon the tide of this event that Briton looked for his daily bread and butter. Therefore his inquiries were restricted to those upon it.

The butter had never come his way. Bread, of the sort that has been referred to as "the true Bread," had.

One day, I gathered it had been when he was a mere child, for in the affairs of children, as in those of men, there is a tide, he had staked his all upon those waters of the farmyard, looking for his bread in return.

One day, when he must have been nearing seventy years, he being engaged in his life work, and at what time the tide in my own affairs had brought me to his side, he made this singular statement: "There, it hasn't taken so long to move as it did to make, after all."

The Universities and the Labour Movement

By H. Sanderson Furniss

Discussions at which working men are present upon the history of the Universities, the place of the Universities in national life, and similar topics, never advance very far without the question of the misuse of endowments being raised. Were not the endowments of Oxford and Cambridge intended for the workers, and have not the Universities been filched from the poor by the rich?—the working man is sure to ask. To both these questions it is difficult to give very definite answers; and, after all, the point is one of very much less importance than is generally imagined by working-class critics of the older Universities. The really important point is not what were the intentions of benefactors judged by the literal interpretation of the terms of their bequests, but, rather, are their benefactions being put to the best possible use at the present time? The structure of society in the fifteenth century, for instance, was very different from that of to-day, and if endowments made in the fifteenth century were intended for the sons of the labourers of that day, it does not necessarily follow that they would be put to their best use if devoted to the sons of working men in the twentieth century. Nor, if fifteenth-century endowments were intended for the sons of poor gentlemen, is it certain that they would not be put to better use in the twentieth century by being devoted to the sons of working men. The benefactors should be given the credit of being sensible men, who wished their educational benefactions to be used in the future, as well as at the time of their bestowal, for those who stood most in need of them, and who were most likely to benefit.

It can hardly be maintained that the endowments of

Oxford and Cambridge conform to this standard at the present time. The scholarships no doubt go in many cases—perhaps in the majority of cases—to men whose parents cannot be described as rich—people who, without them, would have to make real sacrifices to give their sons a University education, and to many who, but for the help of scholarships, would not be able to send their sons to a University at all. But when this is admitted there are always amongst the scholars of the Oxford and Cambridge colleges men to whom help from endowments is not a necessity, and some few who are the sons of rich men. For the open scholarships no test of income is insisted upon, and while there are cases where scholarships are won and the scholarship money returned to the college, these are the exception and not the rule. Quite apart from the question of scholarships, all the commoners at Oxford and Cambridge—the great majority of whom are the sons of comparatively well-to-do parents—benefit to a large extent from endowments, for while the cost of living at the older Universities is high, education is, owing to endowments, cheap. Before the war it cost some £25 a year, and it has even now only been raised to thirty guineas.

A fair-minded defender of the *status quo* will grant all this, but he will nevertheless say: "That's all very well, but there's nothing to prevent a working man's son from coming to the University." And that may be broadly true so far as the Universities themselves are concerned. But there are a great many "ifs" in the case. There may be nothing to prevent a working man's son from coming to the University *if* his parents can manage to save enough money to send him, *if* they are not obliged to put him to work at fourteen in order to supplement the family income, *if* the boy is fortunate enough to win one of the very limited number of scholarships to a secondary school, *if* his parents can afford to keep him for three or four years while he is there, *if* the curriculum of the secondary school and the teaching he receives there are such as to enable him to compete successfully for University scholarships with the pick of the boys from the great public schools, and *if* his brothers and sisters, who may be equally capable, are sacrificed for the sake of his success. The

fault, then, does not lie with the Universities alone, but with the educational system as a whole.

The Universities, however, are by no means free from blame. Universities claim to be the centres of learning, and they should be more interested in education than any other section of the community—not merely in University education, but in the education of the nation, and throughout life. Up to forty years ago the Universities contented themselves with educating a few thousands of men drawn almost entirely from one class in a very narrow curriculum for about six months in each year. They have taken little part in advocating or promoting educational reform on an extensive scale, while even now very little thought is given to the educational system as a whole by University professors and teachers, and the majority of undergraduates hardly know the difference between an elementary and a secondary school.

While not underrating the importance of the humanities and of classical learning, and while fully recognising the widening of University curricula which has taken place in the older Universities themselves—largely owing to the rise of the newer Universities—it seems clear that Oxford and Cambridge might have done much more than they have in the direction of adapting their curricula to the needs of the present day. At Oxford, even now, it is impossible to take a degree in Economics or Political Science, and very little attention is paid in the teaching generally to modern developments. A man may come down from Oxford with two or even three first classes and know nothing at all of the life of the nation as it is going on around him. He may know nothing of the history and principles of Trade Unionism, and if he had ever heard of the co-operative movement, he would be quite likely to think it was in some way or other connected with the Army and Navy Stores.

Again, the man who wishes to take up some modern subject at Oxford is only able to do so after he has passed examinations involving the cramming of a modicum of Greek and Latin, a study for which he may have no aptitude, and which in this limited form is of very little use from whatever point of view it is regarded. Should he be dependent on help from a scholarship, unless he can

devote years of study to the classics his chances of success are remote in the extreme, as most of the scholarships are given for proficiency in the classics.

However, even under existing arrangements, the Universities and colleges might, by imposing a test of income on the parents of the candidates for scholarships, have ensured a distribution of endowments in such a way as to give a larger number of working men what University education has to offer. But until all who come up to a given educational standard have a chance of competing, it can never be certain that the existing endowments are put to their best use. For this far-reaching changes, not merely in our educational system, but in the social system itself, are essential. Granted, however, that endowments were put to their best possible use under existing circumstances, the problem of the Universities, as far as the working classes are concerned, would not be solved. And even if changes were introduced which made it possible for a larger number of the sons of working men to obtain a University education, the state of affairs would not be satisfactory without considerable reforms with the Universities themselves.

The sons of working men who come to the Universities at the present time may come with either of two objects: the miner may wish to change his occupation and to become a schoolmaster or civil servant—a perfectly reasonable wish. Or they may come with the idea of equipping themselves so that they may help to improve the conditions of life of their own class; the miner may wish to become an educated miner. Under the present social system, however, the miner who wishes to become a schoolmaster or a civil servant is almost of necessity obliged to "rise out of his class," as the phrase runs, and the Universities as at present organised probably do provide two or three fairly substantial rungs in the educational ladder. But in a well-ordered community there would be no distinction of classes. The educational ladder could be dispensed with altogether, and change of occupation would come about naturally, unconnected with the idea of social advancement.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that all working men are anxious to join the ranks of the black-coated, or that

they desire education merely as a means to that end. The newer Universities may be more or less suited to the needs of the weaver, the engineer, or the railwayman who intend to remain at their trades; but it is doubtful whether the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge are adapted to meet the requirements of the class-conscious man who seeks education without reference to a change in his position in life. Such a man, on entering a college, would immediately have to alter his whole mode of living and adopt a standard far more costly than anything he had been accustomed to. If he were a "good fellow," with an attractive personality, he would probably soon become popular; he would be thought "interesting" and "distinctly remarkable" by the dons, and be treated by the undergraduates as one of themselves. He would run a decided risk of being "taken up," and he might ultimately adopt an outlook which would make him hesitate about returning to the life he had left, or he might acquire a manner and a point of view which would destroy his influence amongst his old comrades, and make him suspect, if he did return. If, on the other hand, our class-conscious working-man undergraduate should be shy and retiring, or suggest an aggressive or retiring manner, the chances are that he would lead a life very much apart. He would resort with people almost entirely like himself, if he could find any, become embittered, and lose a large part of the advantages of University life. How far it is advisable to send small numbers of working men's sons up to the present-day Oxford and Cambridge is, to say the least, a moot point.

If, however, they are to go in large numbers—and there is nothing in the nature of things to show why they should not—the life of the colleges will have to undergo sweeping reforms, and a reasonable standard of living, shorn of superfluities, will have to be adopted. The standard must be levelled down to the needs of the average man, and not kept up at a high level in order that it may cater for the whims of the well-to-do. Poor men's colleges nobody ought to want; the workers form the vast majority of the nation, and if distinctions of class are to be maintained in the University, special colleges for the rich would be more satisfactory than special colleges for the poor.

The need for a wider curriculum has already been

touched upon, and if the children of working-class parents are to enter the Universities in increasing numbers, this need will become still more imperative. To enter into details would occupy too much space, and it may suffice to say that the aim of the Universities should be to teach the subjects which the people want to study, rather than the subjects which certain superior persons think a small section of the community ought to learn. The test for admission should be capacity. It should be far easier than it is at present for men and women, who are vouched for by their teachers as *bona-fide* students and as having reached a satisfactory standard of general education, to enter a University for short periods for the study of special subjects, without being bothered with examinations including subjects in which they do not take the slightest interest. Greater freedom and less rigidity are the main desiderata.

We shall have some time to wait before the Universities, old and new, can be adapted to meet the educational needs of the great mass of the population. But in the meantime the extension of University education cannot stand still. If the workers cannot go to the University, the University can go to the workers. Something has already been done in this direction, and the development of extra-mural teaching during the past forty years, particularly during the last decade, has been one of the most remarkable and most hopeful movements of our day. Some forty years ago University Extension was started by Cambridge, and her example was soon followed by London and Oxford, while at the present time extension work is carried on by all the Universities of England and Wales. University Extension, however, though it has done excellent pioneer work, and has to some extent paved the way for Tutorial Classes, has nevertheless, except in a few isolated cases, failed to reach the workers. The University Tutorial Classes Movement, which began in 1908, has, however, opened up a new field of usefulness which contains within it almost boundless possibilities. Tutorial Classes are now carried on by almost all the Universities in the United Kingdom, and the movement has crossed the sea to the Dominions. In the present year (1918–1919) there were 150 classes at work in England and Wales, containing a total of more than 3,000 students. The mem-

bers of each class are pledged to a three-years' course of intensive study, and to the writing of a certain number of essays. The tutors are for the most part University men, and the students, with few exceptions, are working men and women. The work is all done in the evening after a long day in the factory, the mine, the workshop, the office, or on the railway. The subjects are chosen by the students, and include history, economics, political science, philosophy, literature, law, natural science, and music, and a highly satisfactory standard is attained. The classes are financed jointly by the Universities, the State, the Local Education Authorities, and students' fees.

This, as far as it goes, is good, but it is a mere drop in the ocean compared with what might be done, and it does not nearly meet even the existing demand from the workers for extra-mural University education. The Joint Committees of the Universities, which are responsible for the organisation of the classes, have for many years past been obliged to refuse classes and tutors to groups of students who asked for them, simply for want of the necessary funds, and this quite apart from difficulties caused by the war. The present writer knows of a case where the members of a Tutorial Class are afraid to mention their studies in their workshop for fear their fellow-workers should ask for an extra Tutorial Class which it is known cannot be provided. In addition to the fact that the existing classes fail to meet the demand for them, the tutors are overworked and underpaid, and so are the secretaries of the Joint Committees, while the income from which the classes are financed is extremely precarious—so precarious, in fact, that it is impossible for the Committees to look very far ahead, or to plan large and comprehensive schemes of work.

The extra-mural teaching carried on in this way does, nevertheless, bring University education of a high standard to a considerable number of working men and women, though it obviously gives them nothing of University life. However, until the Universities can be brought more into line with the needs of the workers, the extension and development of Tutorial Classes seems to offer the best line of advance in the immediate future. The movement should certainly be adequately financed, and at once.

But neither Tutorial Classes, nor in fact any form of extra-mural teaching, can ever be regarded as a substitute for intra-mural University education—at any rate in the case of the majority of people. There will probably always be a certain number of men and women who do not wish to leave their homes for long periods of residence within a University. Apart from these, and even with the ideal University to which all were free to come, there would still remain the need for a large amount of extra-mural teaching, for education should not come to an end with the close of a University course. And as the level of education is raised and new interests are awakened, there will be more and more men and women who are anxious to study a variety of subjects at all periods of their lives, and it will become a necessary part of University work to provide adult education throughout the country. The working population should be given the opportunity to turn aside from industry for periods of varying length for thought and study, and colleges should be established in every district for both day and residential adult students. These colleges should be affiliated to Universities, and supplied by them with teachers. In this way Universities would not merely be the means of bringing knowledge to the people, but they would themselves benefit by being brought into closer touch with the life of the nation.

The Tutorial Classes Movement has been closely connected with the development of Summer Schools. These are rapidly becoming a recognised feature of the long vacations, and will probably form a part of University life for many years to come. The Universities are at work for little more than half the year. Could they not be thrown more widely open to working men and women in the remainder, especially in the summer vacation? This would be one way of bringing together the Universities and the Labour Movement, and might be a stepping-stone towards the ideals suggested in the earlier part of this article. There is abundant evidence of a real demand amongst the working population for University education, and the Universities must form a new conception of their duty to the community in order that they may become in the truest sense national institutions.

Democratic Control and Individual Right

By E. Belfort Bax

THE problem of the individual conscience and the individual judgment in relation to majority conscience and majority judgment is the perennial crux of the sociologist, psychologist, and political thinker; the value of the majority judgment as such is being continually asserted and as continually called in question. The late war with its conscription has led some enthusiastic patriots to challenge the validity, as final arbiter, of the individual conscience in matters of conduct and ethical conviction. This last with special regard to the conscientious objector. Some such would like to dethrone the individual conscience in favour of authority, as represented by the majority of the given society into which the individual enters. The ruthlessness of their detestation of the "conscientious objector" has even led some of these to set up the count-of-heads majority as a kind of God to whom quasi-religious deference must be paid, and whose behests or judgments must only be criticised in an attitude of reverential awe.

As a matter of fact, anyone who considers the matter closely can see that it is impossible in any case to get rid of individual conscience or individual judgment as the final arbiter in matters of conduct or conviction. Even if you follow the multitude to do evil or good, to think rightly or wrongly, unless you do so mechanically, as a mere matter of thoughtless habit, your following of them is the result of your individual conscience or judgment deciding that it is the right thing to do. Look at the matter as we will, there is no getting away from the fact that, in so far as consciousness is individual, individual judgment in matters of the right and the wrong, the true and the false, must be the sole ultimate, and (if you will) autocratic, arbiter.

Apart from the above consideration, the history of opinion in matters ethical, æsthetic, intellectual, or what not,

conclusively shows that the majority, *i.e.*, the "count-of-heads" majority, of any given society, is far more often wrong than right in its judgments and assumptions.

It is a commonplace that every new truth is at first ridiculed and then argued against before it is accepted by the "count-of-heads" majority of mankind. And even when it is accepted, this truth, as reflected in the minds of the majority, through the very fact of being accepted by this majority, loses its vitality and becomes lifeless and mechanical. It deteriorates into what the Germans call a *Schablone*. An idea, as hardened by majority-acceptation, loses the ripeness and living force that it had when it was the possession of a minority, with a hostile majority up against it. Such being the case, the fact that an opinion is held by the majority would seem to be the very last recommendation for its acceptance as truth.

The above, it is needless to say, applies in its full extent only to a promiscuous "count-of-heads" majority of mankind. The case of an opinion held respecting a particular subject by persons specially qualified to judge on that subject is, of course, a different matter. One would naturally, as laymen, defer to the opinion held by the majority (say) of astronomers as to the truth or falsehood of a theory in astronomy, or of chemists as to that of a theory in chemistry, etc. But even here history abounds in cases in which the individual or a small minority from among the circle of especially qualified persons has proved to be in the right as against the majority of such circle.

Again, individual conscience in ethical matters may be perverted, just as individual judgment in other matters, may be faulty or unbalanced, but to preach the surrender of individual judgment or convictions, or even the dictates of individual conscience—on the ground that neither the one nor the other is infallible—to any external authority, be that external authority a dogmatic creed or a Church claiming to be infallible, or a "count-of-heads" majority of the population into which, *faute de mieux*, a spurious kind of infallibility is sought to be read, is fatal to all progress. All advancement hitherto has consisted in the breaking down of these external standards of authority in favour of the installation of individual conscience and individual reason, defective as admittedly they are, as autocratic for the indi-

vidual himself. Mankind is certainly safer in the keeping of individual conscience and reason, fallible though they may be, rather than in that of any authority external thereto.

Mill's essay on "Liberty" is now largely out of date. Mill had little notion of the wider bearing of Democracy or of Socialism as we understand these terms to-day. His mental background was always the so-called Manchester School doctrines of the early and mid-nineteenth century. Nevertheless, it is only due to Mill to say that he was one of the first to place this particular problem on the broad and general basis of individual right as such. Locke and most of his successors who had approached the subject had in their discussion confined the subject mainly to toleration in the region of speculative or religious opinion. The more immediately pressing claims of economic reconstruction and of the more superficial aspects of political machinery have since then thrown this question into the background. Since Mill and his immediate followers it can hardly be said to have been discussed even in general terms, and not at all with any thoroughness in its application to the modern social outlook and its changed conditions. Yet it has recently been raised in a typically acute form by the democracy of the United States, where the majority of the North American citizen population would enforce total abstinence from alcohol on the minority. There is no doubt that, technically speaking, the late vote on the anti-alcohol issue was in perfect accordance with the most approved democratic precedent, and there is just as little doubt that it has aroused the indignation of many sections of the population. The point here raised is really the old question formulated by Mill: Has a majority the right to coerce a minority or even a single individual in such actions as Mill termed "self-regarding"? When it does so is it not as guilty of tyranny as any autocratic power? This is the first part of the problem.

The second part consists in the definition of those self-regarding actions in the performance of which it is claimed that the organised community as such has no right of interference or control.

Questions as to value have been dealt with already in the first part of this article: the question, namely, as to the value of a count-of-heads majority over a minority, which carries with it the further question of the intrinsic justifica-

tion of the domination of majorities. These questions go, of course, in a sense, to the root of the whole theory of democracy. The immediate and practical *raison d'être* of the acknowledgment of the authority of a majority lies undoubtedly in the *force majeure* that, other things being equal, usually resides in the majority. It is the basis historically, without doubt, of the assumed right of the majority to control public affairs, and to claim for its judgment the deference of minorities and individuals. But with this general consideration we are not specially concerned here. We postulate, for the purposes of our argument, the democratic position as generally understood, that a majority has the right, up to a certain point at all events, to impose its will on minorities and individuals.

The problem raised by Mill and confronting us to-day is as to the limits, if any, of the boundary line which divides the justifiable from the unjustifiable interference of the collective force of the organised community with the individual or with social groups. What class of action is it which legitimately lies out of control of this coercive force of the community as represented by the "count-of-heads" majority of its population and the invasion of which, in the form of coercion by that collective force, constitutes tyranny. The most concise answer, as I take it, is that it consists in that class of action which only directly affects the individual or individuals immediately concerned, and can never *directly* affect the community in its collective capacity, or other independent individuals. That it may conceivably do so *indirectly* is not to the point. For there is no action, however private its nature and however admittedly harmless it may be, which might not under certain conceivable combinations of circumstances prejudicially affect others or the community generally. If I go out for my necessary and harmless constitutional walk and get involved in a train of thought which preoccupies me, I may inadvertently knock down a child or run up against a blind man or elderly person, happenings which might result in serious consequences to those concerned. My constitutional walk, however harmless in itself, might thus constitute a public danger *indirectly*. And yet no one would presumably suggest coercive legislation against constitutional

walks because of indirect consequences such as these. The act of taking a walk would be universally regarded as a self-regarding one in Mill's sense, and as indefeasibly appertaining to individual rights, to do or to abstain from which would generally be recognised. Neither the taking of walks nor the falling into absorbing trains of thoughts in the course of them would be deemed matters coming within either the legislative or the executive functions of the community or its organs.

The question then arises: Has the community or its organ, the Public Authority, the right to coerce the individual in respect of actions which, while admittedly not affecting the community directly (or hardly, perhaps, even indirectly), yet which, in the opinion of the majority, prejudicially affect the individual perpetrating them? Has the community—*i.e.*, the "count-of-heads" majority of a given society—the right forcibly to coerce the individual for his own good, or what such majorities may deem to be his own good? This question, of course, strikes at the root of all individual freedom whatever in a democracy. To admit the affirmation in so many words is to surrender the whole principle of personal liberty. We then get back to the doctrine of the mediæval Inquisition, according to which the Public Authority had the right and duty of killing the body of the heretic for the good of his soul. But, as a matter of fact, few persons in the present day would defend the principle when stated in so many words. The notion of the sacredness of personal liberty is pretty generally accepted in a vague and loose way. So much for theory. But when it comes to questions of practice—especially well-defined questions of practice—the theory is very apt to go by the board. The questions of practice referred to concern certain acts especially abhorrent to the Puritan soul, or what is now known as the "Nonconformist Conscience."

These actions refer to matters which are viewed by the Puritan as bordering on vice, if not actual vice itself, or as likely to lead to vicious habits, such as alcohol, irregular sexual connections, in some cases smoking, gambling, and possibly other things as well that are dear to the natural heart of man. In such matters as these there is a widespread opinion, even among those calling themselves demo-

crats, that the "count-of-heads" majority of the population, acting through the Public Authority, has the right to adopt prohibitive measures and compel abstinence upon those who object to the ascetic views of the said majority. A flagrant instance of this is the recent attempt of the American total abstainers to force all citizens of the United States to "go dry." Taking into consideration the vagueness and oftentimes inconsistency in opinion prevailing on this question of the rights of the individual to personal liberty, and of the rights of the community to the control of the forces necessary to the continued existence and the development of the life of the community, it is of paramount importance, at a time when social reconstruction is in the air, that the question of the delimitation of the rights of the individual to independence, or, as it is termed, to "lead his own life," and that of the collectivity to control forcibly the individual, should be once for all threshed out and decided. Toleration has gained the day in the matter of the holding and the promulgation of matters of opinion; no one would propose nowadays to re-establish, say, religious persecution, but in matters of conduct it is different. There are many who would think themselves fully justified in employing the power of the community to enforce abstention from practices which, in their opinion, are injurious to the individual performing them and indirectly to the collectivity. They do not see that the coercion in the one case rests on essentially the same basis as in the other. Compulsion to abstain from a particular religious cult or to conform to another, would shock them as the invasion of religious liberty and the individual right of opinion in religious matters. But they regard as unquestionable their justification in enforcing upon all their own opinion and its practice in matters of individual hygiene and private amusement. Hence, while it is inadmissible to suppress any particular form of worship, it is perfectly legitimate to suppress the drinking of alcohol and the indulging in games of chance.

The argument for coercive puritanical legislation is perfectly simple. Says the Puritan: "The drinking of alcohol is injurious to the individual, and if I can I am going to prevent him injuring his health by its consumption. Further, it may also cause him to get drunk, in which case he might become a danger to the community." Now, this

argument, as above said, runs precisely parallel to the justification by the Church and the Inquisition for the burning of heretics. Said the mediæval Catholic: "I believe the ecclesiastical dogma to be the truth necessary to the salvation of men. Hence I will if I can suppress, and if needful kill, the man that thinks differently, and this for the benefit of his soul. The least I will do will be to prohibit the propagation of writings embodying heretical opinions, to the end that others should not fall into the danger of being led astray by such doctrines." Now, it is obvious that this is precisely the line of argument adopted by the "Anti-Alcohol League" to justify its "dry" legislation. It is enabled to realise its aims through the machinery of a democratic vote, *i.e.*, by the decision of a "count-of-heads" majority of the population. The intolerance of the "Anti-Alcohol League" has thus a democratic sanction, which the intolerance of the mediæval Church could dispense with, but in the result there is no essential difference. Nay, more, there is little doubt that the mediæval Church could in most cases have succeeded in getting its intolerant acts ratified by a similar "count-of-heads" majority of the population of that age, had it been the practice of those days to take democratic votes. We can thus see the question is essentially not directly concerned with democracy or anti-democracy, but it is a question of the right of the community or its *de facto* representative, irrespective of its political form or machinery, to coerce the individual, it matters not whether directly or indirectly, in things immediately concerning himself alone. And it is precisely this question upon which the man-in-the-street needs to acquire clear and logical views.

Whatever the democracy of the future may be, the democracy of the present time and the recent past has acquired certain ideas, to which it tenaciously clings. While it has comparatively recently arrived at the point of recognising with fair completeness toleration in matters of opinion, yet in matters affecting conduct, as already pointed out, it is still very far from doing so. The logical basis of its toleration is not yet Mill's right of the individual to his personal liberty in self-regarding matters. It is still under the influence of the notions in certain departments of conduct, having their ascendancy in the urban middle class; I say their ascen-

dancy, for though they may have been nominally recognised by other classes, it was the urban middle class which took them most seriously.

In Britain they date largely from the Puritanism of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and their aftermath to-day is seen in the "Nonconformist Conscience," of Britain and America.

The democracy of this country embraces the small middle class and a not unimportant fringe of the working class still imbued with the Puritan small middle-class tradition. The point of view of this tradition is, therefore, for the most part still dominant in English manners and legislation, as we constantly see.

Until the principle of the sacredness of personal liberty in matters directly concerning the person alone, in some such general formula as that propounded by Mill in his essay "On Liberty," is recognised, we shall go floundering along without rudder or compass in questions involving the limits of the right of interference on the part of the community and its organs of authority with such personal liberty. And, further, these limits as to the right of interference must be recognised as applying as much to democracy as to any other form of government. The notion that a "count-of-heads" majority of the population has the right, by virtue of its numerical preponderance, to interfere with the purely personal habits and relations of the individual citizen, is a notion which is *au fond* logically incompatible with any security for individual liberty at all.

It must never be forgotten in this connection that democracy is, after all, as old Friedrich Engels used to point out, only the last and highest form of the *coercion of persons* involving, it is true, the minimum of coercion—but still, like all government, based on the conception of the *coercion of men*, and not, like a Socialist Commonwealth, founded on the conception of the *administration of things*. It is for this latter that many of us hope democracy will prepare the way, or, shall we say, into which it will itself ultimately develop. Meanwhile, it behoves us to keep watch and ward, so long as government, in the sense of coercion as opposed to administration, is still necessary, over the limits within which such coercion may justly be exercised.

Some Impressions of Germany

By Douglas Goldring

THE political situation in Germany during the month of September was so confused that in my wanderings in that month through Westphalia, Wurttemberg, Bavaria, Saxony, and Prussia I could not find a single German politician who could explain it to me, even from his own sectional bias; nor did I encounter any prophet whose prophecies seem worth repeating. The only general statement which I feel I can make without qualification or fear of contradiction is that the view of the German revolution still current in English Liberal circles is much too flattering. The "revolution" of November, 1918, was simply a collapse, followed by a change of Government. After the departure of the Imperial figure-head it is true that members of the Majority Socialist Party came into office. But if English Liberals and Labourites pin any faith to the blessed word "socialist," they are doomed to disappointment. If Messrs. Lloyd George and Winston Churchill happened to be Prussians they would—as regards their political ideas, and, in particular, their fear of Bolshevism—be fully qualified for membership of the present "revolutionary" German Cabinet.

One does not travel very far in Germany to-day without discovering that terror of Communism obsesses the German propertied and *petit bourgeois* classes to an even greater degree than it obsesses our *bourgeoisie* in England. The German capitalists are desperate. They realise that, with two or three years of tranquillity and stable government, they may be able to turn the corner and reach safety. But can they count on that period of "law and order"? In their efforts to secure it, it is certain that, like men fighting for their very lives, they will stick at nothing. On the whole, their point of view is easy enough to understand and to condone. They resemble the remnants of the crew of a foundered ship who have managed to save themselves by making a raft. They

are within sight of land, their rescue, they think, is only a question of time; but now some of the survivors have lost their reason and persist in trying to overturn the raft and precipitate everyone into the sea. These madmen, these would-be wreckers, in the eyes of the capitalists, are the members of the Communist party. "It is their lives or ours!" cry the *bourgeoisie*. At all costs the Communists must be suppressed, or "the nation" (German capitalism) will be ruined. And since the *bourgeoisie* has control of the weapons of offence and the instruments of force, the process of suppression is now proceeding throughout Germany with extreme vigour. The word Communist is rarely mentioned in conversation above a whisper. Harmless "intellectuals" are arrested in the dead of night, on the denunciation of a concierge or spiteful servant, and hurried off to gaol, where nothing more is heard of them. Workmen believed to hold Communist views have a tendency to disappear without leaving a trace. The gaols throughout Germany are crammed with political prisoners, and recourse has had to be made to the internment camps originally used for the prisoners of war. Painters, poets, journalists, and other intellectuals seem to have suffered particularly from this white terror. In Munich I was told that the Schwabing quarter is now hardly recognisable because "all the men with long hair and all the girls with bobbed hair have been put in gaol." A leading nerve specialist and his wife, on whom I called with a letter of introduction on my arrival in Munich, told me that they were "a little upset." Their kitchen-maid had denounced them to the police because, listening at a keyhole, she had heard them defending the personal character of some of the Communist leaders in the course of conversation with their friends. Now they were to be arrested in two days' time, and they did not know what would become of their three young children. Their anxiety for their children was the more acute because they had heard from a private source that their names were on the list of those who were to be done to death in prison. When two days later I called again at their flat (with an indescribable feeling of sickness and faintness at the pit of my stomach, for the sort of things they anticipated really happen in Munich) I found the place locked up and the blinds drawn. . . .

Nobody with any imagination or knowledge of human psychology will need to be assured that the kind of terrorism I have described has an effect which is the exact opposite of the one which its perpetrators intend. The murder or execution of a Communist merely adds one name more to the army of revolutionary martyrs. If the victim happens to have been a prolific writer, as was the case with Gustav Landauer and Kurt Eisner, his works achieve an immediate and widespread publicity which they would never otherwise have attained. Leaders like Rosa Luxemburg and Karl Liebknecht perhaps exert an even more powerful influence from the grave than they did during their lives. For every Communist who is persecuted or imprisoned a thousand new recruits are brought into the ranks of the party. The white-terrorism has not destroyed the Communist movement. It has, on the contrary, increased its power and importance by creating a powerful sentiment in its favour. All that it has succeeded in doing is to drive the Communist organisation underground. In Germany (as, indeed, in the Entente countries also) the *bourgeoisie* has been unable to learn the simple lesson that all the bombs, rifles, and machine-guns in the world are impotent against an idea.

While I was at Stuttgart I had the privilege of a long conversation with Clara Zetkin, one of the most influential, respected, and far-seeing of the German Communist leaders. She is a grey-haired, very homely, but very shrewd-looking old woman, with a face as wrinkled as a withered apple and the habit of screwing up one eye while with the other she bores as with a gimlet into the very heart and vitals of her visitor. We sat round a long trestle table in her orchard, and while we talked the sunshine glinted down on us through the leaves of the trees, and apples fell at intervals on to the table or on to our heads. So far as I could gather from what she told me, the best brains in the German Communist party are strongly opposed to sporadic risings such as the ill-fated rising at Munich. If the much-heralded Spartacist outbreak occurs in November as has so often been predicted, I do not believe that any of the accredited Communist leaders will be concerned in it. The employment of force has, for the present at any rate, no part in their programme, which is now almost entirely educational. They rely on the economic situation

created for Germany by the greed and stupidity of the Entente diplomatists to bring about such a collapse of the capitalist system as will eventually enable them to achieve their aims without bloodshed. To prepare for this day they are doing their best to disseminate their ideas among the *bourgeoisie*, so that the German Soviet Government, when it is at last established, may not suffer —as the Russian Soviet Government has suffered—from sabotage on the part of the educated classes. What Clara Zetkin considered to be the first and most immediate duty of all Communists throughout the world was to come to the rescue of the Russian revolution.

It is not my business here to argue the merits or demerits of Communism as a political theory: I am concerned solely to try to get at the facts about the Communists. And, after seeing and talking to several leaders of the German Communist movement, and to very many of the rank and file, I must add my testimony that intellectually and morally they struck me as being men and women of the highest character, whose honesty was beyond question and whose courage was an inspiration. It seems to me about time that even our most reactionary newspapers left off describing as thieves and murderers people who are well known to be nothing of the sort. The absurd and prolonged vilification of Lenin and the Russian Communists, and the policy based on it, shows to what a condition of muddle and disgrace persistent lying can reduce us. Surely, even the bitterest enemies of the Communist ideal might begin now, with advantage, to face a few self-evident truths about the personal character and abilities of their opponents!

If I were asked what chances there were of a Communist *régime* being established in Germany, I should be inclined to say that in the immediate future there were very few. Communism will come eventually, no doubt, as a natural result of the economic situation created by the Peace Treaty; but at present Germany is not ripe for it. In the interim period I see a very great opportunity for the Independent Socialist party. The Independents are distinguished from the Communists chiefly by the fact that they wear a different label and are more "respectable." This, however, is a distinction of the first importance, because whereas a Communist Germany would certainly be blockaded and

starved out by its capitalist neighbours, an Independent Socialist Government would have a reasonable chance of being left in peace. The Communists are apt to say that the Independents are really Communists with big incomes, who are afflicted by the cowardice which accompanies possessions. The Independents, on the other hand, while generous in their appreciation of the courage and sincerity of the Communists, maintain with some show of reason that from the political standpoint they are unpractical visionaries. The Independents favour the policy of compromise which has been forced upon Lenin. They see that while the full Communist programme cannot be carried out yet, many of its essential points can be secured by ordinary parliamentary action. In Haase, the Independents have a leader of marked ability, and I believe it to be by no means unlikely that he may come into power in the near future, and that many Communists will support him.

The position of the militarist parties in Germany to-day is very obscure and difficult to determine. The "Noskitos," or Noske *soldaten*, recruited from the most brutal elements of the old army, together with a sprinkling of professional soldiers of a rather higher type, have, it is true, shown themselves quite willing to shoot down their brothers and sisters of the working classes. All the same, their discipline, from the militarist standpoint, is said to be far from satisfactory, and it is extremely doubtful if they could be relied upon to support a monarchist *coup d'état*. The personal reputation, with the Alt Deutsch elements, of men like Ludendorff, Lettow-Vorbeck, and Goltz stands very high. But although leaders could be found in plenty for a movement to restore the old *régime*, I was assured by people of widely divergent political views that they would never be able to scrape together an army to follow them. Many of the best officers of the old German army, particularly those belonging to the technical branches of the service, have already been recruited by the Japanese Government, which since the Armistice has been offering attractive contracts to German engineers, flying men, etc., willing to take service with the Japanese forces. The various anti-Bolshevist groups in Russia have also absorbed a considerable number of the unemployed professional soldiers of the officer class, who might otherwise be available for reactionary intrigues.

In regard to the Peace Treaty, the only political party in Germany which does not complain bitterly of its penal clauses is the Communist party. The Communists would not have them one whit less stupid or abominable, for they rely on the greed and the short sight of the Entente capitalists to bring about a breakdown of the capitalist system, not only in Germany but throughout Europe. The sound basis of the Communist reasoning in regard to the Treaty is clearly appreciated by the more intelligent politicians of the *bourgeoisie* both in Germany and in England, with the result that in both countries a propaganda campaign is being carried on to secure a modification of the more disastrous conditions. From the standpoint of those who are afraid of "Bolshevism," the worst point about the Treaty is the fact that the amount of the indemnity has been left unspecified. This, as Professor Hans Delbrück pointed out to me, makes it impossible for the German financial experts to devise any scheme for saving the situation. All their estimates and statistics are useless while they are kept in ignorance of the amount for which they will have to budget. Apart from the indemnity question, the most alarming feature of Germany's economic situation is undoubtedly the collapse of the value of the mark, which is proving a fatal handicap to the revival of industry. Unless the German industries can recover, the country cannot, obviously, attempt to pay its debts. The remedy for the low exchange, in Professor Delbrück's view, was an immediate and substantial loan from England and America.

The attitude adopted by America towards the Peace Treaty is naturally arousing the keenest attention in German commercial circles. It seems quite possible that America may save the situation, temporarily, at all events. The air is full of rumours about the colossal deals effected and the big business which American capitalists have done in Germany since the Armistice. This is held to portend a common-sense policy on the part of America in regard to Germany's economic difficulties. The prospects opened up by the possibility of a working arrangement between American capital and German industry are decidedly interesting.

Kant on the League of Nations

By Austin Harrison

STRANGER things will happen than that we should trace back the origin of the League of Nations to Germany, but at this juncture and conjuncture in world incoherency the fact that Kant clearly descried the cosmo-political state as an historical law has at least piquancy and a meaning peculiarly satisfactory to Anglo-Saxon civilisation—justifying at once our attitude and intention; satisfactory even to the Germans—as a memory and a consolation. Though there has been no reference to this source, it seems clear that President Wilson must have had knowledge of the design of a cosmo-political state as outlined in the essay of Kant, the old philosopher of Königsberg, called "idea of a universal history on a cosmo-political plan," in which the New Order is foreseen and defined. Foretold as a federation of cosmo-political balance founded upon law; predicted in all probability as the result of a system of war, which, leading to a condition of lawlessness and chaos aggravated by unbearable national debts as the results of war, finally would induce *illumination* or man's advance to a higher order.

Kant's essay is based upon the premise that the manifestations of human will, viz., human actions, are as much under the control of universal laws of nature as any other physical phenomena; and so he conceives of a new meaning of history interpretative of man's evolution instead of his mere outward manifestations. When one considers that Kant wrote in 1784, before the fall of the Bastille, while Germany was an ecclesiastical congeries of petty Principalities, and Europe was non-national and feudal, the singularity of his prediction is striking, not only because it shows how completely different modern history might have been had the Germans followed their thinkers instead of their "will to power," shorn of illumination,

but because, almost without a doubt we have to-day arrived at that point of determination in history when the *unsocial sociality* of mankind will be tested definitely and irrevocably either for the end of its own destruction or for fuller processes of construction.

In quoting from Kant, I follow De Quincey's admirable translation. Now, what Kant laid down as the ground-plan of his conception was nature's controlling law of discord as the redeeming instrument of the human species. This discord must assuredly be recognised to-day as still very much the root difficulty of the problem. Man naturally desires concord; nature, with her ruthless morality, ordains discord. The difference is the measure of man's progress.

This goal or final state Kant defines as the "*establishment of a universal civil society founded on the empire of political justice.*" But man requires a master. How is he to find an acceptable master? The answer would seem an approximation, which is probably all that nature demands from us. And we can evolve to approximate conditions. The first step is thus the problem of *a system of international relations adjusted to law;* without which the problem must remain insoluble, and upon which any perfect constitution of society depends. Nature, says Kant, "accordingly avails herself of the spirit of enmity in man, as existing even in the great national corporations of that animal, for the purpose of attaining through the inevitable antagonism of this spirit a state of rest and security; *i.e.*, by wars, by the immoderate exhaustion of incessant preparations for war, and by the pressure of evil consequences which war at last entails upon any nation, even through the calm of peace; and, finally, after infinite devastations, ruin, and universal exhaustion of energy, to one which reason should have suggested without so sad an experience; viz., to quit the barbarous condition of lawless power, and to enter into a federal league of nations, to which even the weakest member can look for its rights and protection—and that not from its own power, or its own adjudication, but from this great confederation, from the united power and the adjudication of the collective will."

Here we have President Wilson's idea, civilisation seeking peace and security in a civil constitution founded upon law. Now listen to Kant on war:

"All wars are so many tentative essays (not in the intention of man, but in the intention of nature) to bring about new relations of states, and by revolutions and dismemberments to form new political bodies; these again, either from internal defects or external attacks, cannot support themselves, but must undergo similar revolutions; until at last a condition is attained which, like a well-ordered commonwealth, can maintain itself in the way of an automaton."

Kant, of course, wrote as a believer in spiritual law, and so we find him sceptical of a master-mind who can evolve a stable system of society, sceptical of all artificial or accidental efforts likely to bring about such an innovation, philosophically accepting nature's method of discord working through the reason of the human species. It is thus more reasonable, he declares, to believe that out of all this "action and reaction of the human species upon itself nothing in the shape of a wise result will ever issue; that it will continue to be as it has been; that therefore it cannot be *known* beforehand, but that the discord which is so natural to mankind will finally prepare for us a hell of evils under the most moral conditions of society, such as may *swallow up this very moral condition itself and all previous advance in culture by a reflux of the original barbaric spirit of desolation*—(a fate against which it is impossible to be secured under the government of blind chance)."

Here we have described Germany's exact position to-day—and that of three-quarters of Europe—desolation caused by the reflux of the original barbaric spirit swallowing up the very moral condition of its own progress. In the conditions of "barbaric freedom" in which men were living, Kant saw no hope; on the contrary, he predicted that the dedication of all national energies and resources to war, still more the necessity of standing continually in a state of preparation for war, would at last compel mankind to "discover some law of counterbalance to the principle of antagonism between nations, and, in order to give effect to this law, to introduce a *federation of states and consequently a cosmo-political condition of security* (or police) corresponding to the municipal security arising out of an internal police."

This is the League of Nations as dimly constituted to-day. But Kant saw that such a federation would not be "exempt from danger," the danger of static authority or attempt to impose finality, for in that case the human race would go to sleep. In a word, there could be no finality either in design or application. Such a League would have to contain a principle for "restoring the equilibrium between its own action and reaction, and thus checking the two functions from destroying each other." Kant fully realised the obstacles to any such advance in civilisation in existing conditions (the eighteenth century), for though society had a high degree of *culture*, *morality* was low, and not till mankind recognised that true culture was inseparable from morality would the necessary inducement be real. "All good that is not engrafted upon moral good is mere show and hollow speciousness—the dust and ashes of mortality. And in this delusive condition will the human race linger, until it shall have toiled upwards in the way mentioned out of its *present chaotic abyss of political relations*."

If only the Kaiser had understood Kant instead of misunderstanding Nietzsche, we might even to-day be evolving towards an international equilibrium based upon a declaration of rights; yet for us too the words of this old German visioning in his little room a better world have a profound significance, for without *moral good*, that is, sincerity and principle, the League of Nations of President Wilson will be founded on hollowness and, like the edifice of the sentimental Tsar after Waterloo, will crumble into the dust and ashes of mortality. The history of mankind may be regarded as the unravelling of a hidden plan of nature for accomplishing a perfect state of civil constitution of society in its internal relations; and through that condition, and as its very condition, in its external relations also, thus leading to a sole state of society in which the tendencies of human nature can be all and fully developed.

Liberty, then, cries Kant, is man's watchword, the parent of *illumination*. *War* itself must gradually become "not only so artificial a process, so uncertain in its issues, but also in the *after-pains of inextinguishable national debts* (a contrivance of modern times) *so anxious and unbearable*, and, at the same time, the influence which the convulsions of one State exert upon every

other State is so remarkable in our quarter of the globe—linked as it is in all parts by the systematic intercourse of trade—that at length these Governments, which have no immediate participation in the war, under a sense of their own danger, offer themselves as mediators and thus prepare for the *formation* of a great *primary state-body*, or *cosmo-politic Areopagus*," unprecedented in all preceding ages.

Even at that time Kant descried a "stirring" in the limbs which ultimately would lead, after many revolutions and remodellings of states, to the fulfilment of the supreme purpose of nature, namely, the establishment of a cosmo-politic state in the bosom of which all the original tendencies of the human species can be developed.

It is curious to find Kant dwelling upon "unbearable national debts" as the results of war, for the capitalist or international credit system was then still in embryo, but no man can fail to see Kant's Areopagus in the Council of the League of Nations, still less deny that Europe has actually reached a point of national indebtedness which is not only unbearable if the idea is to continue the existing system of national antagonisms, but even financially unworkable, humanly as well as economically, on the present economic mechanism. What Kant in his study foresaw has positively then come true. War has brought about a crash not only of Governments and Empires, but of systems in the old historical, political, or military sense, and that crash has left Europe with a financial burden which will force the great "abstract of human actions" to seek for some systematic aggregate, failing which civilisation must surely dissolve. Our whole political and economic mechanisms are broken, and there is this, strangely supporting Kant's view of the definite purpose of nature: progress is definitely recordable. Though polity may not have emerged showing any marked step forward—except in verbal manifestations, which to-day, in the world's democratic conditions, exercise an influence of great potential, if indefinable, importance—humanity itself unmistakably registers an advance in its general revolt against the conditions which in themselves perpetuate war. The anticipated aggregate of Kant to-day constitutes the aggregate which in itself is the precondition of a true democracy.

The vertical systems of history are ear-marked, as it were, for removal, to give place to the horizontal or co-operative systems. Internationalism is already clearly recognised as the idea of the great war, as Nationality was the idea of the Napoleonic wars. Nationality by antagonism is thus the cause of war, and mankind can register a distinct upward curve in the recognition of that fact. Unquestionably this is progress. The question now is the actuality of the cosmo-political view, as apart from the old view of the state as government by ambition or power. In plain words, how to find an equation? If we take Kant's valuation of history—and all modern tendency is to leave the materialism of Darwin and go back to spirituality—we can perhaps better visualise the problem by adhering to his interpretation of nature's law of discord and first discover what is the compelling inducement to change, seeing that only through chaos and discord do we evolve upwards towards a higher state.

Now there is no doubt but that the conflagration through which we have passed was primarily the result of the materialistic conception of history, headed by the Germans, who in war sought the illusion of finality; of power, that is, all-comprehensive and determinative. Their culture, supreme in so many ways, lacked morality because it aimed at and was founded upon materialism. They thought that once they could atomise Europe, so to speak, stability was assured, but their metaphysics were faulty because they refused what is the very essence of man, his spirituality. Also their science was wrong. Already we know that the atom is dissoluble, and so the point to which the Germans sought to level down itself dissolved into convulsive cosmic forces, which in turn destroyed the would-be destroyers. And that is the point we have to-day won to: dissolution. Only the vital aggregate remains, fitly surviving. A new wisdom of state is required, upsetting all previous notions of government. Polity threatens to dissolve into economics, and through economics into the old, if vested in a new garb of, materialism, thus referring back to the former condition of power and ambition. We can see this only too clearly; on all sides discord reigns. The Areopagus is built, but as yet it is a scaffolding erected with very mortal hands. The world's problem remains. It is

to discover the means to infuse life into the structure, to give it a *polity* founded on *morality*.

It seems to me particularly interesting at this hour of flux and desolation that we should pay attention to the *reason* motiving Kant's vista of a cosmo-politic state, seeing how pitifully we seem to be groping after natural or fundamental concepts. As a philosopher, Kant ruled out the *rational* purpose of man, so senseless, conceited, chaotic, and irrational were human actions, pursuing no conscious plan, accepting no systematic law. What then was the clue to the history of our species? The only answer was nature. Man thus must endeavour to find some *natural* purpose in the whirling current of human actions, leaving it again to nature to produce a man capable of executing her plan, as such a man does arise from time to time; thus Kepler, who brought the eccentric courses of the planets under determinate laws; and Newton, who explained those laws out of a universal ground-plan.

All creatures develop themselves perfectly to their final purpose. Man, as the sole rational creature, would seem destined to obtain perfect development in the species only, not in the individual. And so nature gave man reason instead of instinct, thus endowing him with the responsibility for cultural salvation.

In the individual mortal, but immortal in the species, man's final purpose is thus the commonwealth, the cosmo-political state. "All the gifts of art and cultivation which adorn the human race, in short, the most beautiful forms of social order, are the fruits of the anti-social principle, which is compelled to discipline itself, and by means won from the very resistance of man's situation in this world to give perfect development to all the germs of nature."

Finally, Kant sees the great difficulty to lie in the approximation of *good will* necessary. For such good will presupposes (1) *just notions* of the nature of a good constitution, (2) great *experience*, (3) the *will* favourably disposed, and this latter would obviously be man's crowning victory, for in itself it implies man's conquest over discord.

Men who regard the League of Nations as merely another visionary contrivance should at least consider the alternative, for if there is one thing which the great war has proved to us it is that war, as the meaning of history, as the

inevitable consequence of a system of nationality by antagonisms, must in the end destroy the species; the closer the individual attains to nature's secrets applied to the destruction of life. The crash, as it finds all Europe to-day, has no counterpart in past history. It is not merely Empires, dynasties, religions and political systems that have been overthrown. What we are faced with is the breakdown of a civilised order of society, involving its economic mechanism, though this latter point may seem still controversial. War, as the system of society, has defeated itself. That is the new position, because society, as we have known it, can no longer continue to function economically under that system; as assuredly we shall all discover when the nations face the problem of their debts and still the necessity of even more gigantic preparations for war determine the people's revenues. We have, quite accurately stated, reached a deadlock, in that at least war can no longer be regarded as the final reason of society, society not being in the position to afford that luxury. War then has reached its own point of negation. That means that international discord has reached, at any rate, an aggregate of concord in its central point of departure or antagonisms. Thus the whole is concerned externally as well as internally. The problem is consequently a world-problem, and will unquestionably in the future be so treated. But if the whole cannot afford to prepare for war, neither can the parts. We have attained, therefore, to a sole state on the problem of war, hitherto man's vital problem. That is an immense advance. Henceforth war will belong to the domain of science. If so, then civilisation is doomed, for man's inventiveness immeasurably exceeds man's morality; and, if that is to be our course, man, as a rational animal, will destroy himself. But man is a rational animal, and there are times when he is conscious of his reason. We stand at such a climacteric in our evolution to-day. If war then has left us with such a legacy of debt that war as a system has become unbearable, the alternative is adjustment, or such modifiction of system as will enable us not only to recover but to survive. And already so much reason is dawning at Paris, where to-day the question is: Do we want a strong Germany that can pay, or a weak Germany that cannot pay? It is the first sign of illumination.

The very suggestion leads straight to the League of Nations.

And what Paris is to-day discovering, all will be discovering to-morrow. For the issue is life. Chaos is complete, in so far final that the next step must necessarily be upwards, towards order, towards a new order. For if power system, which is based upon war, has literally become unbearable as a mechanism, the power inducement also lapses. Into what? That is the problem, and those who refuse recognition of the fact refuse life.

To sum up: we have won to Kant's projected Areopagus as it stands in the background of a peace of the old kind, and the question now is the use and application that can be made of it. Now, if man's highest step, as Kant limits it, is approximation to nature's perfection, then the determinative agency is obviously the aggregate, which again is the central idea that has issued from the war. This aggregate is the new democratic spirit of concord, working from below, upwards. The mechanism of the world's Areopagus will depend then not upon the machinery of the top, but upon the illumination from below, which again is new in history. Not the super-men, but the common men will decide the issue which for the first time has become a conscious aggregate responsibility. This force will condition, and in time revolutionise, the meaning of history. Instead of an oligarchic control consciously ambitious and separatist, we now have a communistic claimant for control consciously moving across and upwards. In a word, illumination has become democratic, that is, it has become an aggregate. And such is the measure of our progress. If we can hold to and widen that aggregate, the goal or approximation of Kant should not, as time is measured by history, be quite so very far distant as appearances and the world's immediate mentality would seem to imply.

The Crushing of the Middle-Classes

By Austin Harrison

We are now entering upon the fringe of the aftermath crisis, and already it is clear that, between the two governing and opposing extremes of capital and labour, the centre or great middle-class is in for a bad time. This class, our class, the salt of Britain, which has given the country most of its brains, art, soldiers and sailors, poetry, energy, industry, and propulsion, is, strange to say, not in itself an estate, as in the days of the great middle-class revolution of Hampden, which arose over the payment of ship-money. Then, the middle-class was agrarian, was conservative in the true sense of the word, and stood for a centre principle. But to-day this is not so. The aristocracy has passed into an industrial plutocracy, in itself a ring controlling Government, largely controlling the new democratic estate, the Press. If of the middle-class, it does not represent that class, for it has become a titular estate, our new aristocracy, whose power and mobility are based solely upon wealth, thereby accentuating the class discrepancy between those who toil and those who profit. In between, in mid-air, so to speak, is the lower middle-class, but no longer a gentleman farmer, as in Cromwell's time, a parasitical class in modern industrial conditions, without organisation or headship or political consciousness, and thus, having no alternative, compelled to vote for either Scylla or Charybdis.

The truth is, the middle-classes have not thought. Politically apathetic, neglecting education, they have been content to be imitators rather than creators, no doubt because as the jumping-off board to the control they have accepted illusion for fact, seeing, for example, in the ascendancy of one of their own class such as Lord Birkenhead a guarantee of their own directorship. And so they have remained quiescent, indeterminative because non-receptive.

Now they have become the wooden wall, or instinctive conservative element in the land. In the suburban sense. For they are not Cromwellians, men of piety and principle; they are not, politically, occupationists. Politically, they are parasites. They dwell on the thresholds of privilege, of economics, of politics. In the modern state their position is that merely of tax-payers; they are in their unfigurative respectability the drones of the machinery of state, the dull, gregarious response; and with the collapse of Liberalism but the echo of the machine. Even individualism is denied them, for attitude is no longer consistent with a class subserviency. They have paid the forfeit of their inertia as the Amen-sayers of the politicians, themselves controlled by the higher economics which to-day determine politics. In the aftermath of war they will find themselves between the Devil and the blue sea.

Not a year back the middle-classes had their chance, perhaps their last chance, and they voted, like schoolboys, on a ticket; on an absurd lie, which none knew better was a lie than the small *côterie* which imposed it. The result is chaos. Gregs signed a blank cheque in a fit of ebullition; to-day he finds an automatic blank debit. Nothing happens. Like the story of the pig that won't go to market, there is no equation. There is no idea, there is no enthusiasm. Even the Kaiser isn't hanged, won't be hanged (the men who put that on the ticket don't want him hanged; they want a black Tsar installed in Russia instead). Gregs finds himself and herself wondering what it portends. He is begining to understand that the politics of the election were a blind to mask economics. Prices appal. Rates and taxes threaten to smother him. He can do nothing. Where is the £20,000,000,000 indemnity which was to reconstruct everything? It was killed in the Treaty of peace which gives no peace. No likelihood of European stability upon which credit depends. Those 300,000 cottages—he has to pay for them. Pensions—they are his liability. Transport centralisation—the railways don't pay, even with a huge subsidy. Bread—it, too, is subsidised. Markets—we have to furnish credit for our export sales. We are wholly unable yet to budget. Gregs looks around querulously. Labour—he smells Lenin. He turns to the croupier on whom he

placed his money—and the answer comes mechanically: *Rien ne va plus.*

What will happen to Gregs, the middle-class man, he who has a family to bring up, who gave his all for country, who in his status and stature is the all-in-all of his people? This is no time for delusion. He has his being in the whole, for he is the very essence of that whole. If his philosophy is optimism, he at least requires an objective. The flank attacks he can perceive, but what of the centre, his bit? He is the political Territorial of the enterprise, he has no artillery. And no staff, above a major. He turns to his counsellor, the film, but Mary Pickford can hardly help him pay the taxes coming with the Budget, the rates rising with prices all around him, and as he goes home to his wickedly expensive gas-fire he realises that he has no friend. Meanwhile he is puzzled. Our immense parasitical class flaunt and dispense opulently. The great unmarried women section, with hair boxed like cavaliers, are unmistakably flourishing, from flappers and uniformed ladies sporting Mons ribbons to necromantic sorceresses and women-policemen without a licence. Another huge section scrambles for employment, ready to take on anything, serve in Russia or act as potential strike-breakers at £1 a day in Regent's Park. The father of the family sees money everywhere, except when his turn comes to buy a flannel shirt or replenish the household crockery. To-morrow his rent may go up. As the rates leave the 10*s.* figure, he damns the new militarised police with their corporals and preferment. How is he to pay? In the end we must budget. Well, well! "We've come through! It's cheerio to the next Budget."

Quite so. A five-months' run. And then? Then Gregs will have to think.

What is the position that he, Gregs, of the middle-classes, will have to face the day that Government ceases to manufacture money in the printing-press and comes to earth? It is this. By April of next year we shall have a national debt of £8,500,000,000, implying an annual charge of £425,000,0000, or double our highest pre-war revenue.

Our Budget, therefore, will certainly be £1,000,000,000, far more probably £1,200,000,0000. To-day, we are still spending nearly twice what the country returns on the existing basis of taxation. In the months, April to October 11, the deficit was £312,200,691. Thus we shall almost inevitably reach our next Budget with a deficiency of £500,000,000—the estimated expenditure for this year being £1,600,000,000. The last loan was not a success. All the time we are financing Russian Tsarist reactionaries; financing the new political creations, financing even the sale of our own exports *on no reliable security but that of political dependency*. We cannot finance on our colonies. On the contrary, we owe them money. We have come to an arrangement or moratorium with America for the time, but the debt to her remains, and will have to be met. And every month our frenzied finance increases; thus the railway strike probably cost us £50,000,000; prices are rising, and with them wages; raw material is unprecedentedly high, markets are unprecedentedly scarce and poor. And this. The Treaty of peace having devitalised and strangled Germany, there can be *no indemnity for us*, which fact the very men who thought they had done so business-like a thing in crippling Germany are now beginning to discover—and to bemoan.

We shall have to find the £1,200,000,000 next year or again borrow, thereby increasing the national debt to the red-light figure of £9,000,000,000. The notion that prices will fall is erroneous, because the Government's policy has been protection, and as wages and "raw" will remain high, prices will be according; the Government's policy of embargoes has simply meant that the public or consumer *pays double what he need do;* thus glass, crockery, all household goods, pianos, apples, etc., etc. But I am not concerned here with policy, with what the Government will do or will not do. I am merely registering the facts as they will confront the middle-classes early in the next year. What will happen? Everything will go up. That is all. Rates stupendously, taxes inevitably, rents proportionately, and the wider and deeper European instability, the higher will prices in these islands rise. Gregs need not worry about the fabulous nonsense dinned into his

mind by the newspapers of super-production. There can be no such thing, because there are no markets, and as Europe is rapidly sinking into mediævalism, markets will still further decline, for selling on our own credit will speedily resolve itself into a speculation in space, hardly a business proposition. Nor must he forget that Europe is *de facto* bankrupt, and that France, who only raised 15 per cent. of her requirements by taxation, declines to tax herself, relying upon us and America. Now the Americans consider that they have paid Lafayette's debt, as in all likelihood they will prove in the Americanisation of the Treaty and its liabilities. That will throw the onus of the militarism necessary to keep Europe in subjugation on the military regroupings arranged by the Treaty *on Britain*, so much so that it is impossible to say what military forces will be necessary next year to maintain even a semblance of order in the new Balkanised Europe. Quite impossible. And if Russia is restored to the old governing classes, we shall be faced immediately with the military problem of Nationalised Russia *versus* the sanitary cordon, and consequently *versus* the rest.

There is no escape from this, for such is the economic condition settled by the Treaty of peace based, as we are to-day slowly perceiving, on an *entirely false economic premiss*. That premiss was (1) that Germany would pay our debts, (2) that by means of intensified production we would capture the world's trade. Hate blinded the politicians, that is the reason. They refused Wilson for a dream in 100,000 words of splendid hate. The result is (1) Germany cannot pay because we have deprived her of the means of industrial production; (2) the anticipated super-production failed because the differential of that position was low wages, which is precisely the condition the ex-soldiers refuse to accept—rightly refuse; moreover, it is itself neutralised by the Government's policy of embargoes, which forced up prices, so giving unstinted scope to the profiteer. Thus extremes meet, and the problem of Britain is labour and capital, or an equation for production, failing which our economic mechanism is involved. It may end in a great struggle to beat down wages. Yet until that problem is settled prices will not come down; on the con-

trary, the costs of living must increase, and the moment we try to face our liabilities the world's economic crisis will start.

In this approaching conflict between the workers and the industrialists, the middle-classes are like the man who gets into a huge crowd with his arms up. Our interest is politically objective, that is to say, as neither manual workers nor factory owners, our shareholding is human. We feel humanly for the lower strata, but at the same time we fear that strata. On the other hand, we see no sincerity on the part of authority; no serious attempt to grapple with the new conditions: above all, we discern no intelligence. But the position is economic; we are consequently impressed in the medley. Labour can refuse to pay taxes under £250 a year, we cannot; we are not organised, we are professional gentry, snobs. Above, we shall be crushed by the law; below, we shall be crushed with outlawry. We are like the man who has resigned from his work—free but unwanted, master yet slave. Always we shall have to bear the brunt, and always authority can get at us: the landlord, the Boroughs, the Government, the capitalists. As organised labour rises consciously in the scale of authority, the middle-classes will decline in the balance. In politics we do not count—we are the tax-payers. As tax-payers also we do not count, for our wages have not gone up, won't go up, and respectability is the badge of our servility. We are the parasites of the capitalist order.

Yet we are the brains of the country, its impulse and registration, we who scrape together somehow from £500 to £2,000 a year, which is the price of the nation's genius. We are the engineers, the men who run things, whether boats or blank verse. We are the electricians of the community. We light the candles—of art and poetry, of idea, of movement, of education and principle, of creation. We are the nexus of the country's continuity. We have a stake, because we are, and will be, during and long after the settlement of the economic war between labour and capital, the absolute stake. Yet to whom shall we turn? If those below cry, "Forward!" and those in front cry, "Back!" on whom

shall we rely? The Church? Without blasphemy, Gregs ejaculates, "Christ!" Government? Its responsible duty must be taxation. Labour—"Who cares if England lives!" Are we marooned then on our own tight—little island? We are—unless we think. Unless we recognise the genius of our own class and—rely on ourselves.

Unless we, too, become Bolshevists; that is, unless we grasp the need of occupational representation. For our specific troubles are not inevitable; far from it, they are the direct result of false economics and bad political thinking. An equation for labour could be found in an adjustment of economic mechanism. Europe could have been regrouped on stable foundations, thus providing markets, lowering prices, founded on sincerity and opportunity. Our coming sorrows are self-made, home-made—we did not think, we allowed the politicians, who by virtue of their office dare not think, to perform that function for us. By this time we could have budgeted. But Government in modern democratic conditions precludes principle, for it is mob sense: incense. We ought to have emerged from the war serene, superb, supreme; yet in fact we resemble a jumble-sale. Our Ministers went to Paris to crush; they have crushed. It is a negation. We issue without an idea, ourselves enmeshed in the swamp. Yes, it was done at Paris, where instead of opportunity we created disability. We cannot complain. But unless the middle-classes are content to go under, they will have to rise with the birds—and sing.

Sing not merely "Are we downhearted?" (we never are), but the last lines of that old and well-tried song: "Britons never, never shall be slaves"—and mean what we say. There are obvious remedies, methods of alleviation, but how to apply them? The Government, married to vested interest, dare not apply such drastic methods as a levy on profits, on capital generally, which literally is the *only way out*. Put it to the polls, and see. Gregs will be bamboozled with a new panacea, and he will swallow it, like he swallowed the £20,000,000,000 indemnity. We vote regularly on a lie. There are some 7,000,000 women voters now. An additional seven million emotional potentiality. A promise of *décolletage* all round might win the next

election, especially if the opposition cry is nationalisation. Anything will do. "All profiteers" or "No more dust" would serve equally well, and Lenin, probably by that time in some Afghan fastness, would smile. Afterwards, the taxes. The millstone round our necks. Finally, revolt.

Better anticipate and *revolt now*. A progressive strike of brains—for sanity. The new Briton playing centre-forward, minded to place his own try. Youth, life come into its own again. But—and this is the whole point—youth, too, must be sincere, for, though the extremes can wangle, the centre, without organisation, without authority, without leadership, can wangle nothing, nor will any amount of wangling suffice when the hour of reality arrives. Sincerity is the perquisite of redress. If the middle-classes desire relief, they must rise above a formula; they must attain to an attitude; now this means that they will have to learn to be critical. First of all, understanding, complete realisation of the problem, which is not politics but life, their life, in the grimmest economic reality. "Leagues of youth," shepherded by political septuagenarians, will lead nowhere, nor will any League formed specifically for political defiance, for the whole nature of the problem is economic. It is the *Bill*, literally "Old Bill's." Nothing less, nothing more. In the fight as to who is to decide the manner of our audit, Gregs has no place. He sleeps downstairs, like the footman. The question, therefore, is: Will he wear the Government livery and shriek "Anarchist," like a flunkey, or will he, true to his own genius, build a house where there is central heating and no basement? He can an he thinks it out. He has certain, however dim, approximations to aim at. A League of Nations made real; a proper election; a new type of politician; a levy on war profits, which would certainly be found inadequate; an adjustment of economic mechanism.

Now if the brains of the country grasp the one salient fact that nothing can be done until the nation understands what precisely has to be undone, realise, that is, that economy is mere talk, so long as Europe is to be regrouped, financed, and militarised as a French fort, then we shall be in the position to untie the knots of chaos and insolvency ravelled in the halls of Versailles. Our poor middle-class

man will soon learn the taste of the "fruits" of that ghastly and already ghostly performance in comparison with which the gestures of our forefathers after Waterloo were spacious. When papers cry: Economise! what do they mean? Mr. Lloyd George dare not cut down to a budgetable figure, because of his bond, because, if he did, crushed, expropriated, and denationalised Europe would at once reply: "See, the hate cannot be upheld," and in a night we should all be in a position, or latent condition, of war again, in which the Nationalist Russia we are seeking to create would play her "sanitary" part, notably at the expense of the new Napoleonic Grand Duchy of Warsaw or the military formations of Letts, Wends, Lithuanians, Poles, and tribal branches of Slavdom, given "independence" solely for the purpose of military dependency. We of the middle-classes will be virtually ruined because France insisted upon occupying the Rhine. That is the simple truth, the *true reason of our waste.* That is why the Government are only tinkering, only talking. And not until the unfortunate man with a family recognises this truth—that *policy alone determines national expenditure*—shall we touch the problem of production which is the very bread-and-butter of our existence.

Again and again all this has been explained and predicted in these pages. A year ago men thought I was mad, to-day the wail of economy is the people's catapult. I went to the Carnarvon Boroughs to try to induce the constituents of the Prime Minister to *think*—before it was too late; before he signed on to death instead of life; before he committed this country to a fatuous hate. The Press sneered. True, many of his constituents listened, and not a few approved, but the "master" thought only of his plumage. The result is the world chaos of to-day. What is it exactly? It is that we of the middle-classes will be taxed out of hearth and home, because at Paris the politicians refused construction. That is all. For the next fifteen years at least life to the *middle-classes must be unrelieved financial burden*, for, unlike the French middle-classes, who refuse to be taxed, we shall have to pay: for them, for Paderewski's Poland, for D'Annunzio's Greater Italy, for Mr. Churchill's Letts, Finns, Wends, Estho-

nians, and what not, for the new Slav Empires, etc., etc. Policy determines expenditure. Our politicians banked on an expensive hate; we must pay the bill.

Unless direct taxation is raised enormously on earned income, we shall not be able to budget. Unless rates rise another 10*s*. we shall never put up those "houses for heroes," to use the vulgarity of the politicians. Unless capital is nationalised, we shall not be able to imitate Napoleon, and France will not be able to expropriate the Saar valley. Unless all war profiteers are eviscerated, we shall not be able to promote Paris, Bagdad, Mesopotamia, Ltd. In short, unless we do "sack the lot," in Admiral Fisher's phrase, and get a sane policy, we shall go headlong and headstrong into bankruptcy. In the staggering scramble and crisis of life inevitable the morning any Government faces the realities of our position and the liabilities of our policy, we of the middle-class will be forced to take a decision. And if, seduced by the sophistries of capitalism, the fear of idea, and the blandishments of the new Governmentally-organised Press reptilian propaganda, we throw in our lot against Labour, assuredly we shall crash, for on these lines we shall never find our equation for production, and there will be no recovery. Our business, as the brain and character of Britain, is to think constructively, not statically. That is, we must move with the upward, rising forces, not stagnate like frozen carbuncles on the top of the glacier. If a policeman is worth £3 10*s*. a week, so is a shunter, so is a farm-hand, a gardener, or a dustman. And, *pari passu*, if a rat-catcher is worth £250 a year a curate is worth £500; so is a schoolmaster, and so is every artist in the land. Useless to shout, "We can't afford it." We can, *if we stop acting Pompey and Julius Cæsar in Europe*, if we build instead of destroy; if we regroup the Nations co-operatively. If, finally, we get a right diagnosis and understand that Louis XIV. in the year 1920, plus a £9,000,000,000 debt, spells ruin, is the "deluge" to us and to Europe.

When a man says, "O, this is politics. Drat the thing!" he is not thinking. Just as in war, war is the only real thing, so to-day, for the next five years at any rate, the politics of

the war must be the only real thing, for to-day politics are the balance of our lives, and bad politics mean ruin. Next year we may find half Europe re-preparing for war on the model of Italy's Fiume *coup*. We cannot now plead isolation. More money. More loans. Pass the £9,000,000,000 debt and the ship is on the rocks. It is our direct course, for we no longer have a pilot. We are no longer politically independent. We belong to the armed constellation of Europe. We are pledged to hold down half Europe maddened with poverty and starvation. We are pledged to finance the military systems of some half-dozen non-economic units—for political window-dressing. Having made a new condition of war, we must remain ourselves a militarist Power or break the Treaty. Also this. The world has actually reached a point in its economic mechanism. *Capital must fight Labour*, must, that is, beat down wages and force the workers into pre-war conditions, or itself be beaten; into modification of its mechanism, seeing that no alternative to the existing mechanism of exchange has yet been devised. And again Labour, too, must fight, or be beaten into the old ruck and bondage. We of the professional classes stand—nowhere. It is not our fight. None the less, the "knock-out" would in either case smash us.

What can we do? Everything. We are the doctors in the body politic. We shall be idiots if we kneel before the astrologers and the alchemists. The first thing is to restore freedom of thought, which is Britain's justification in history. The second is to win back to Parliamentary control. The third is the attainment of an attitude. The immediate thing is to force Government to *produce a balance-sheet which balances*. If it cannot because of our Continental military liabilities, then it will be for us to decide; either to welcome penury for vainglory or call in an auditor. We must count our cherry-stones on the plate—"tinker, tailor—soldier, sailor." And choose. For credit to-day not only means Government, it has enlisted in its mad career the banks. Government is thus financial, no longer political, and as the issue is unlimited capitalism, so in the struggle there can be no principle, but only the law of self-preservation. That is really the reason of the

world's moral breakdown. Capital is fighting for capital, and for nothing else. Our middle-class function then is to be the constabulary of reason. Let us understand nationalisation and, if it is a productive innovation, try it. The one fatal step will be acquiescence. We have only begun to feel the pinch yet. Our trial will start with the next Budget. The question really is: Shall we cling to the mechanics of our mechanism; or modify that mechanism? But few men, I fear, will accept that diagnosis at present. Aversion to change is often well-founded, and death is always a controversial necessity. In the end, however, our middle-class mortality will be found more consequential than capitalist immortality. Meanwhile we must mobilise—on idea. Find out what it is, precise and enforce it. We shall come through if we deserve to. That should be our oriflamme. Of this I am certain. We shall be crushed if, having no central idea of our own, we try merely to put salt on the comet's tail of the new Spartacus or the old Coriolanus.

It is our fault if, as our doctors state, our industrial poor are a C_3 people. It is our fault if we have allowed our politicians to pledge us to a policy we cannot possibly afford. It is our fault if we consent to be crushed between Labour and Capital—for a gamble on hate which hardly a soldier approves. I do not think we shall so consent when we realise why we are to be so taxed; how easily we can avoid that doom, namely, by thinking constructively instead of metaphysically. To commit national suicide for a Pyrrhic victory would be superlative folly. Even the tax-collector, gripping at our vitals between those who refuse, and the great who cannot be made, to pay, will feel compunction at the spectacle of the father with his children quitting the home—for the colonies, for America, for the untaxed emigrant life. No, we must lead. Our truth is not down, it is up. Up to the heights of our responsibility, up to the opportunity of life, in which spirit alone Europe can be salved and reconstructed; and only so shall we emerge solvent and free men out of the shame and welter of the politicians into the daylight of deliverance, into the commonwealth of union and universality.

The Merchant of Venice

When a critic, writing about Mr. Fagan's production of *The Merchant of Venice* at the Court Theatre, spoke of him as a bold man for putting on so "poor" a play, he pronounced truly a judgment. A Daniel also. Yet the same man would excoriate Ibsen for precisely the contrary reason, outlaw Strindberg, and no doubt write an appreciative notice of any commercial incoherency or any farce with a scream. But, there, Bernard Shaw's criticisms of Shakespeare are to-day journalese: Mr. Fagan is a bold man. Let us hasten to add that we most heartily thank him for "this good deed in a naughty world."

Of course, there is the dual play running for the "bucks" alongside of the Jew, and truly the casket business, culminating in the impossible garden scene, is tiresome and a bathos redeemed only by the magic of Shakespearian language. The Jew is the thing, and at the Court we have in Moskovitch an interpretation of racial genius. Certainly there is no loftier acting to be seen in London than this presentation of Shylock by one of his own tribe, faithful to stock—the real usurious Jew depicted with a simplicity, a straightforwardness of type probably never before witnessed on our stage.

I had frequently seen Maurice Moskovitch before in the Whitechapel Road, where he played in Yiddish to Jewish audiences, and had long ago recognised in him one of the few great living actors. Now for the first time he is playing in English in a West-End theatre. He reproduces the Oriental of the text; goes for the part; he is conclusively the part. Without theatricality, with few accessories, he fills the picture on the rialto of Old Venice, deeply rendering Shakespeare's purpose, which undoubtedly was to show his intellectual contempt for money.

Perhaps that is why the critic styled it a poor play. His scorn of it is, fitly enough, our measure to-day. All the characters in the play are noble fellows, despising money—stage merchants and ship-owners even for the costume

period. Antonio, a merchant Hamlet, is melancholy and pensive with never a thought for "automatic" results, and ready, for all his Argosies, to offer his person as bond, even dubbing the Jew a kindly man for his acceptance of a forfeit in flesh rather than in interest. Portia is, of course, the classic of generosity in love and law. In the trial scene these Tolstoy-ian merchants offer the Jew treble his loan, as if money were an un-Christian possession, fit, only, for a Jew who un-Semitically prefers his bond.

But his bond is hate, and because of it he receives justice, the rigour of the law. It is difficult to believe that Shakespeare secretly sympathised with Shylock, and, as Moskovitch renders the man, the question would seem answered. No. Shakespeare's Jew is cruel, the very spirit of his money-bags. And so at the test the Jew cares only for vengeance and in turn receives it from the hands of these full-generous Venetians meticulously trading on the law. To-day, when the whole of civilisation is drunk with money-values, the Jew of the sixteenth century, immortally standardised for contempt by Shakespeare, is the Christian of the twentieth century; we surely cannot sneer at him, we who are in truth a "breed of barren metal."

Irresistibly Moskovitch carried me back to the old Lyceum, made me realise what a fine performance that was of Irving's, and how ineffably sweet was Ellen Terry's Portia! But Irving pared down the cruelty of Shylock, put him across to us almost sympathetically, and at the end his despair and slinking exit were sorrowfully tragic. Moskovitch depicts baffled rage. Here the actor rises to his full powers. It is a moment of quivering human feeling. The cowed Jew passes from the scene in a tempest of muffled passion, and instantly the atmosphere changes into the courteous generosity of these Shakespearian Venetian merchants, so characteristically the stage figures of contrast, to brand and confound the Jew-usurer.

Moskovitch so overtops his setting that the last scene, played without Irving's nightingale, pales into insignificance, for our actors are not trained to speak blank verse, and the fun of the ring is fustian after the superb descent of Shylock. Thus, as it must be, this scene is anti-climax. For it requires a stage which the Court is not big enough to provide; it needs Beerbohm Tree. The Jew is still in our

minds, the excruciatingly vibrant interpretation of Moskovitch, lashing his misery in his soul. And so we come back to the critic. Not a modern play, to be sure, yet what grandeur of style! A great, live film. To miss this Shylock is to forfeit a genuine thrill in the play of life. We can even forget the war when this Shylock of the race speaks, so picturesque in his gaberdine, truly an immemorial personation in history.

The production is artistic and faithful, particularly the court scene, with its domed Venetian hangings, its gorgeously-robed Ducal judge and sumptuous justice, admirable in colour and design; nor will one easily forget the peep into Venice, with Shylock's house by the water. So we return to Shakespeare. We might do worse. Could we do better? In this time of world money-bag crisis, Shylock offers a way out—the way of the generous Antonio, friend and philosopher. "Ding, Dong; Bell."

On the way home it is difficult not to question: Did Shylock become a Christian, according to the court's decree? Would it alter him if he did? Can a Christian become a Jew? One answer is certainly that no Christian ever played Shylock with the intellectual intensity and psychological fidelity of Moskovitch, who seems to epitomise the great drama of the world in its agony and struggle of to-day between hate and humanity.

P.S.—Reconstruction is beginning in the theatre, and not to be missed is Mr. Ainley in Tolstoy's *Reparation*, a distinguished performance in every way; also there is the Old Vic. bravely staging *The Trojan Women* on the other side of the river, quite Elizabethan. S. O.

Books

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

Some Diversions of a Man of Letters. By Edmund Gosse, C.B. Heinemann. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

Though the title is precious, this is a joyous book of criticism, salaciously fresh with youth. The author is refreshingly free from professional importance, moves with the times, and never permits his years to dull his perspective or limit his focus, and so we find him brilliantly glissading with the poets even to the pirouettes of imagism. Where he indulges in portraiture he is not so felicitous, though the sketch of Lady Dorothy Nevill reflects a deep human understanding, for these are hardly more than exercises in literary snobbery; but when the real thing is before him this "man of letters" gets to the bone and parades his talents manfully. He is perhaps at his best on the "agony of the Victorian age" and on the young poets. Very rightly he dreads the coming of the egocentric in poetry, or the work of the "ivory" tower. And again he is clearly right in his emphasis of the use of symbolism. He is admirable on Disraeli, whose novels he regards as, after all, but the recreation of a remarkably gifted Jew, the forerunner of the Jewish revolutionary epoch in which we live to-day. He appreciates Sterne profoundly. Poe he justly classes as the original symbolist. On Shakespeare he flutes. The essay on the Brontës shows the catholicity of the true critic. A graceful work, alive in thought and pleasingly garlanded with enthusiasms.

FICTION.

Saint's Progress. By John Galsworthy. Heinemann. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

This is a war echo, yet already it seems years ago, and soon probably the pains of the war will have ceased altogether, and only the ribbon side of it will remain. The Church should read "Saint's Progress," which contains far more spirituality than most sermons, and, if the Church can, it should try to think why Mr. Galsworthy's parson, so scrupulously faithful to an exalted type, becomes, in this romance of war, a ridiculous and, what is worse, an unreal figure. He is the opposer, the creature of convention. When his child wants to make a war-marriage he can only see formal standards, and refuses; when, subsequently, his daughter has a war-baby, he again refuses; when, lastly, she meets a man of the "iron-grey locks" type, and wants to marry him, the parson again refuses, according to type, his mind working according to pattern. And his refusals all turn out ridiculous, for he is no longer on earth, and his formal unreality deceives no one. Rather sad it all is, relieved by the freshness of the girl, an admirable creation, and some of the worldly

types who, unlike the Saint, are real. Here and there we have flashes of Mr. Galsworthy's genius, and always the thing is distinguished. Towards the end the book warms into a red glow, leaving the Saint struggling with his formalities on the sands of Egypt.

UP, THE REBELS. By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM. Methuen and Co. 7*s.* net.

WHEN a gentleman in, or once in, Holy Orders writes novels, particularly novels on so grave and historical a national problem as that of Ireland, criticism, if intelligent (if not, it is of course worthless), instinctively braces itself to attention, and so it must be with this skit on Sinn Fein, since it is not more than a skit, which, for an Irishman, is distinctly dull. The book opens with dignity, almost as if the novelist felt a chord somewhere beating, but rapidly it passes into the pleasantry of snobbery and jolly-boy bookmaking. The ascendancy clan all drink port and whiskey, say "damn" nicely, and regard the Irish problem as more or less of a joke. Still, the author attempts lucidity, and so the daughter of the governor is a brazen Sinn Feiner, thus leading to a mock heroic scene of melodrama which closes a book completely harmless, built up obviously to ridicule the Irish and their aspirations. Criticism must fain ask: What was the author's purpose? It is difficult to see. He omits all reference to the real machinery of rule, police espionage, economic oppression, the open and constant policy of the conqueror always galling to a high-spirited people; his ascendancy characters are all wonderfully lovable folk, kind of ill-used heroes. Why? We understood Mr. Birmingham was a humorist. He had better return to his earlier period and leave Ireland out.

HEARTS OF WOMEN. By MORLEY ROBERTS. Nash. 7*s.* net.

WOMEN who doubt should read "Hearts of Women," clearly trumps in this woman's age. Right and left she is being explained, dissected, and analysed physiologically, psychologically. Their latest champion is Morley Roberts. He gets at their hearts. He writes of a group of sisters, all with problems, all tortured with doubt, all tormented lives, so to speak, and withal there is the very deuce of a male; and on this spinet Morley Roberts, with his strange, intuitive sense and wide sympathies, contrives a ballet of life which thrills and enthrals. The book will be much talked about. It is a call. We have the old thing, the husband demanding his "rights," the rights the Church gave him, and the doubts and difficulties of love. Mr. Morley Roberts is a bold man to analyse so many women all at once, but he takes his hurdles beautifully. What will the women say, in their privacy, to one another, to themselves? Awfully, we should like to know that. But the male in the book is really too fearsome; he is not complete; he is only used as a foil. Now the Brontë girl painted her Rochester fully. That is the flaw in a *tour de force* of analytical presentation. The end is big, spacious, mellow, characteristic of the author; one lays this palpitating book down in meditation.

LUDENDORFF'S BOOK

My War Memories. By General Ludendorff. 2 vols. Hutchinson. 17*s.* net each.

This will probably be the most widely read book of the war, and it is militarily of an extraordinary interest. Here it can only be touched upon, we shall hope to deal later with some of its features. The book shows Ludendorff as the pure Prussian soldier, a man of enormous nerve force, one of the great dramatic figures of war. As tactician and administrator he was consummate. It is too early to estimate him historically, yet when a balance is taken and the full facts are known of the immense superiority against Germany in men, money, munitions, food, and material, Ludendorff's generalship will probably be regarded as rivalling that of Frederick the Great. The book reveals the reason of Germany's collapse—the back. Bolshevism really undermined Berlin, plus want of food and propaganda. In midsummer 1918 the Army was sectionally semi-mutinous. Here Ludendorff shows his limitations. He fails to see that Germany could not rise to epic heights because her idea was materialism—false gods. At the back, Berlin was in the hands of the Jews, and so when the crisis came Germany had no God; Berlin thought of capital; she found a Spartacus, but no Sparta. Some vital facts emerge. First, the Germans lost the battle of the Marne by sending two army corps to the East, drawn from the right wing, the German strategic point. And again the war on two fronts beat them at the critical hour, for in November, 1917, they had eighty German divisions in the East, when fifty of them in the West might have had determinative results. The Austrians always let them down. Ludendorff regards Verdun as a mistake, and from his book it is clear that up to the Somme the East was Germany's main battle-front —fortunately for us. The battle of Tannenburg was one of the boldest actions ever fought. Had Rennenkampf's army moved, the Germans would have been destroyed and the road to Berlin open. Why did Rennenkampf not move? Germany produced no Roon, no statesman. That was her real weakness, due this chiefly to the personal *régime* of the Kaiser, who for twenty years had tolerated only servitors. That again Ludendorff fails to understand. He writes frankly, but gives away few secrets. It is a hurricane tale of energy, a war-book and a lesson for all time.

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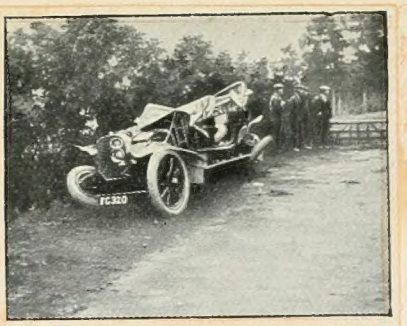

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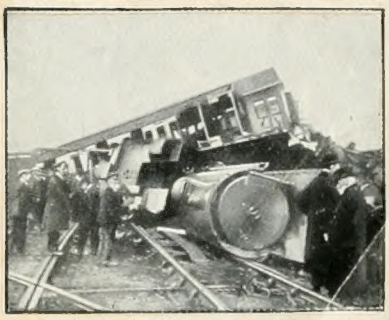

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Whether as a routine lunch—or as an emergency meal to eke out your rations—you will find this an ideal physiological diet—all food and no waste—and easily digested by the feeblest stomach.

Nothing else offers you such high food-power and energy-value—in such small bulk—and at such low cost.

TRY IT TO-DAY

From Sanatogen itself you get the purest concentrated milk-protein—Nature's body-building food—perfectly combined with nerve-strengthening phosphorus, so that both are fully assimilated.

And chocolate—when scientifically prepared and reinforced with Sanatogen—provides additional protein, with fat and carbohydrates, in the most relishable form. It is completely oxidised in the body—checks nitrogenous wastage—counteracts muscular fatigue—and keeps up the bodily temperature in cold weather. Particularly valuable for children, too, who need more sugar than adults and are therefore hard hit by rationing.

Your chemist sells Sanatogen, from 2/3 to 10/9 per tin, and Sanatogen Chocolate at 1/6 per packet. But stocks are limited and cannot be replenished under present conditions, so get a supply *now*, while both products are still obtainable.

GENATOSAN, LTD. (Makers of Formamint, Genasprin, etc.)
12, Chenies Street, London, W.C. 1 (Chairman: The Viscountess Rhondda)

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